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R. C. Snell.

JU JA OF THE LONDON ZOO.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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More Playing Fields for England

FROM time to time the public is given a certain amount of information as to the progress of the playing fields movement, but it is doubtful whether it is generally recognised how much admirable work is now being done by the Carnegie Trustees in conjunction with the National Playing Fields Association. In the days, now unhappily remote, when the greater part of the English people lived in the country and not in the town, every village had its playing fields where, from time immemorial, its sons were trained in cricket and football and generally in what are now known as "team games." The famous Hambleden elevens that played the Rest of England a century and a half ago were merry bands of companions drawn indifferently from gentlefolk and simple. The farmer, the butcher, the baker and Tom, the farmer's lad, all learnt to play the game from squire and parson on the village green, and there, in the eighteenth century, grew up many a famous "nursery of cricket." Since then enclosures have done away with much common land, and even in the remoter parts of the country the facilities for concerted games are not nearly so great as they once were. In the towns things are a thousand times worse.

The town-bred lad has always been far less fortunate than his country cousin. He has been going to school in his millions ever since 1870, but it is only recently that serious efforts have been made, even by the most enlightened authorities, to find playing fields for him and to provide him with proper instruction in his national games. His schools were built in the heart of urban areas, where, apart from a few public parks with all too little grass space, there were no open grounds available.

In the years after the war, it is true, there were decided improvements. Schools were built on the outskirts of towns instead of in their centres, and urban authorities began to plan their extensions with some regard to the provision of open spaces. But these improvements only touched the fringe of the matter until, in 1927, the National Playing Fields Association was formed and the "Million Pounds" campaign was launched by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The first survey undertaken by the Association disclosed a lamentable state of affairs, and showed that the supply of open spaces was, in fact, hopelessly inadequate to the demand. Since the Carnegie Trustees announced their offer of financing, in connection with the National Playing Fields Association, a system of grants to local authorities and others who were willing to submit to certain definite conditions, several hundred applications have been received, and grants to the number of one hundred and twenty-three were made by the Trustees during 1928. In nearly every case Trust grants have been supplemented by National Playing Fields Association grants, and the total sum of the grants from the two bodies is approximately £50,000, of which the Trustees have given roughly £33,000. As the joint grants of the two bodies represent about one-tenth of the cost in each case, this means that, apart from numerous gifts of land from private donors, the value of which has not been ascertained, the country is the richer in playing fields by at least £500,000 worth of land and equipment. The total new acreage is estimated at well over 3,000, and it is explicitly stated in many instances that the grants have supplied just the necessary stimulus.

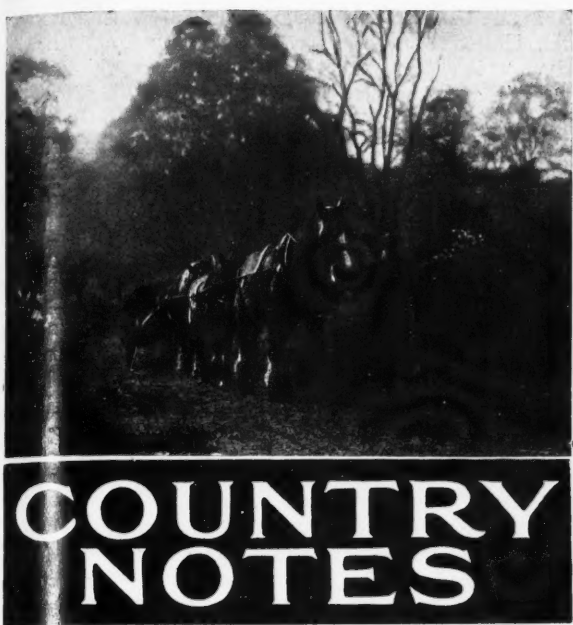
The conditions upon which the Association and the Trustees insist are admirable. The playing field must be in a real sense public; grants cannot be made for fields to be used solely by a cricket or football team, by a bowling or tennis club, or by the pupils attending a particular school. The section of the public which the policy is primarily intended to benefit is young people between school-leaving age and, say, 30-35, who are most in need of, and, on the whole, less able to provide for themselves, the ground required for outdoor games. Grants are, of course, made only for playing fields proper, not for ornamental parks and gardens. Another sound provision is that land must be reasonably near to the population which will use it, or, at least, easily accessible by cheap transport.

Incidentally, it is extremely interesting to notice the large number of grants which have been made to small rural parishes. At first it was generally thought that applications from large towns with congested areas would predominate, and, indeed, that they had a prior claim on the funds available. Obviously their needs are very great, but experience has shown that in rural areas landowners and farmers cannot easily allow games to be regularly played on their fields, and that the village people, though they enjoy the benefits of fresh air and light, are often as badly off for playing fields as dwellers in large centres of population. A great many parish councils have shown commendable public spirit and foresight in securing small but adequate grounds by gift or purchase, and the lack of money for equipment and lay-out has often been made good by voluntary labour. The permanent dedication of these village playing fields may be of incalculable value in the future, if and when new housing schemes become necessary.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.



THE three Party leaders, as the seconds are called out of the ring, join hands (it is a pity, for our metaphor, that there are three) and say, "While we disagree about most things, we are at one in approving the Council for the Preservation of Rural England's campaign to raise £20,000." We would again commend this object to all our readers before their attention is distracted by the transient fever of the election. Not only do all political parties endorse the object, but the Church also is, tardily, recognising its responsibility and opportunity for converting the nation to recognising the urgency of the case. The Bishop of Gloucester is appealing for the care of wild flowers, and the Archbishop of Canterbury inveighing against the spoliation of the Kentish scene by filling-stations, tea kiosks and hoardings. Valuable as are these individual efforts, it is necessary to co-ordinate and harness them if any palpable improvement is to be achieved in public morals. While the C.P.R.E. is equally active in dealing with individual cases of careless ugliness, it aims above all at being the co-ordinating and educating force: the national union for the care of our countryside. Yet it is paralysed by lack of adequate funds—a lack that will be remedied by the offer of Mr. Boies Penrose to double every subscription sent to 17, Great Marlborough Street within the next six weeks. We all profess to have the safeguarding of countryside beauty at heart: to support the organisation which exists solely to achieve that result is the best way of translating aspiration into action.

TRAVELLERS to and from the north are already familiar with the buildings of the North-east Coast Exhibition, having seen them rising beside the Great North Road and near the railway line beyond Newcastle. Tyneside has been called the workshop of England, and the idea of advertising the region's great place in the modern world by an impressive and decorative display of its products is admirable—the more so after the bad time the region has gone through since 1926. The first criticism that occurs to the visitor is that, although a lay-out with its main axis parallel to the Great North Road was inevitable on this site, it thereby misses making the impact on the visitor which it would produce if the axis were at right angles to the road. As it is, we have to walk along the blank face of the Palace of Engineering before a turn to the left brings us to the central avenue flanked by the towers of the two palaces and terminated by the Palace of Arts. The architects, Messrs. W. and T. R. Milburn, have produced a fine, unified scheme, gayer and less oppressively monumental than was Wembley; but the honours in this matter go rather to Messrs. Richardson and Gill's little Empire Marketing Board pavilion—a composition as attractive as it is efficient. The industrial exhibits that appeal most to the layman are those in which machinery or parts of machines have been built up into mechanical designs—like the

electric exhibit in which two coloured propellers, revolving at lightning speed, intersect at right angles. The cumulative effect of the whole is most impressive—and the exhibition of Old Masters and modern painting lent by North Country owners in itself repays a journey to see.

DURING the past fortnight Londoners have been given the yearly proof (for those whose eyes are alert) of how well magnolias thrive in their atmosphere—a fact to which Sir Walter Fletcher has recently drawn attention. Both magnolias and camellias are much more hardy than is commonly supposed, and where the former—whether *conspicua*, *Soulangeana* or *obovata*—has been planted, a galaxy of gleaming white chalices proves the benefit the trees derive from London conditions. They are to be seen in small private gardens, where assuredly they receive no special attention, as flourishing as at Kew. Fortunately, two other plants, excellent for association with buildings, thrive in London: the fig and the vine. How many people know the fig trees in Trafalgar Square? The figs do not seem to reach maturity, but we have eaten grapes grown in the open a few yards off Sloane Street—not, perhaps, so sweet or so large as to create an appetite for many, but a testimony to the good health of the vine. Another plant, as beautiful as it is Cockney, is the common blue flag, which is fast preparing to unfurl itself.

THE opening of the Seville Exhibition on Thursday of last week was marked by all the colour and splendour we traditionally associate with any great Spanish festivity. The exhibition buildings, which have been erected in the Plaza de Espana, were thronged for the ceremony, which was attended by the King and the Royal Family, surrounded by a brilliant Court. A great semicircular sweep of arcades flanked by towers rising almost as high as the Giralda forms the principal structure, from which the King and the Marqués de Estella delivered their opening speeches. The object of the Exhibition, to stimulate the friendship of Spain with the countries of the New World, is expressed by the different pavilions, one of the most interesting of which is that illustrating the discovery of America by Columbus. The Portuguese section is given the place of honour at the entrance of the Exhibition grounds, as befits the country whose explorers followed up the original expedition organised by the "Catholic kings." Many of the pavilions erected by the American countries represented are permanent buildings which will eventually be used for libraries, colleges and institutes in Seville. At a time when Spain, after the sleep of centuries, is rapidly awakening to the influence of modern ideas and tendencies, the Exhibition should be of the greatest importance in emphasising the respective value of the contributions which the Old World and the New have each to give to the other.

WAKING.

Aloft at waste of night the wild geese fly
And to their muffled thunder sleeping ear
Wakens perchance in sudden, drowsy fear;
Through peep-of-day the homing barn owls cry;
And diamond dew-fall glitters white and clear,
Deepening to rose; the lark is in the sky,
A bead of gold, though darkling still there lie
Earth's weald and wold and tilth and moorland drear.
Quicken the lives of early bird and beast;
Plover are peeving at the marsh's rim;
The full-fed fox goes padding from his feast;
Cirri, like feathers of the cherubim,
Flash down the bosom of the ivory East
And in their light the Morning Star grows dim.
EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

IVY is still allowed to envelop and, if unchecked, gradually to destroy old buildings, though, largely through the influence of COUNTRY LIFE, the plant has been removed from many, notably some of the Oxford colleges. It was recognised that ivy had acquired a romantic significance through the poetry of a century ago, but Sir Martin Conway has provoked an exceedingly interesting question by contending that, before that period, ivy was not only

not admired, but not so "active." From the study of many old buildings (most of them now ruinous) and of pictures of them made during the past two centuries, he has come to the conclusion that "about the year 1800 it spread abroad with great vigour, travelling along hedges and invading the woods," besides clambering over buildings. The lack of a sentimental love of ivy might explain its absence from old buildings as portrayed by such artists as the Buck brothers two hundred years ago, but not its absence at the same date from neglected ruins. "Had ivy been anything like as rampant," he remarks, "since the abandonment of most castles in or before the days of Cromwell, existing remains could scarcely have come down to us except in the most fragmentary condition." The explanation, he suggests, is that plants have cycles of activity, produced by some obscure natural cause, and terminated by the shifting of Nature's favour to some rival. Ivy, for instance, has now to compete with virginia creeper, though that is not, perhaps, a fair illustration, since the introduction of the latter has been man's (misguided) doing.

FROM time to time protests are heard about the shooting of big game from cars. This practice is rightly condemned by all sportsmen and prohibited under the Game Laws of most well organised colonies. It is, however, allowed in certain of the independent native States in India, and special motor cars equipped for the purpose have been built for more than one of the native princes. There are, however, necessary exceptions even in Africa. No one can logically object to lions, which are classed as vermin, being shot from a car or anything else, and with the greatest possible sympathy for the preservation of big game of all kinds and the maintenance of wild nature reserves, there are yet the settler and the native to be considered. Human lives and stock of economic importance must be protected, and motor transport is doing more than any other factor to open up Africa for white settlement and agricultural development. Predatory beasts of all kinds represent a very heavy toll on the struggling enterprise of the pioneer. The safeguarding of big game is entirely in the hands of game wardens who are familiar with local conditions and rule their areas rigidly. In the past there were regrettable lapses, but to-day the game situation is not only well in hand but singularly well administered. The policy of allowing local authorities familiar with the country to determine the conditions of game licences and sporting control in general has proved to be astonishingly successful. Any breach of the law is visited with punishment on the spot, and the safeguarding of big game is effective.

MOST people must have been as surprised to find new and strange stamps on their letters at the beginning of this week as they were to learn from them that a Postal Union Congress was taking place in London. The Post Office is not easily roused to produce a special series of stamps and, unlike other countries, we let notable centenaries pass without any commemorative issue. But in producing this series in honour of the Congress we are following a precedent set by Spain in 1920 and Sweden in 1924. The innovation would be welcome enough if only the issue were worthy of the occasion, but the mediocrity of the designs is depressing in the extreme. The large pound stamp—the one we see least—is the best of the series; the Union Jack 1d. and 1½d., without possessing any positive merits, are inoffensive, but the ½d. and 2½d. seem to have derived their inspiration from the labels we find on our beer bottles. If France can produce a set of beautiful stamps in response to public entreaty, surely artists could have been found to design an issue which would have done honour to the Congress, instead of laying us open to the ancient charge of being the least artistic of nations.

THE number of mediæval buildings which have been sentenced to transportation across the Atlantic continues to grow year by year, and yet nothing is done by Parliament to stop this iniquitous traffic. The latest victim is the beautiful old tithe barn at Bradenstoke, Wiltshire, which is now rapidly being demolished and, unless it

receives a last-minute reprieve, will soon be making its way to the United States. There the wealthy American who has bought it will have the satisfaction of watching its re-erection in an up-to-date setting, to be a nine-days' wonder to himself and his friends. After which, the novelty gone, he will, presumably, go in search of some other victim. Public opinion is now at last awake to the losses which our villages are suffering, but the secrecy with which these transactions take place often prevents any action being brought to bear on the vendor until it is too late. In the present instance one would have thought that the building, not being inhabited, would have been scheduled long ago by the Ancient Monuments Commission, but their list are still far from complete. The only effective bar to this unhappy kind of business is legislation such as already exists in other countries. If Americans are too childlike to see the stupidity of removing an ancient building from its true setting, we at least can save ourselves from the imputation of senility involved in sitting still and letting them do these things under our very eyes.

ONE aspect of the new Local Government Act is the disappearance of the infirmaries, which used to be run by the local Board of Guardians. Actually, the infirmaries will continue, but under new control, and in many cases with far better general equipment and management than was possible under the old system. The magnitude of the change is hardly appreciated, but out of the existing 350,000 hospital beds in the country 300,000 are municipal and 50,000 voluntary. Under the new system the L.C.C. take over no fewer than 120,000 beds from the Guardians and Metropolitan Asylums Board. In Cardiff, where a new hospital with 1,060 beds is in construction to replace the existing crowded accommodation of 380 beds, authority passes from the Guardians to the Cardiff Corporation. Many of these hospitals which have grown out of the old infirmaries are remarkably well equipped up-to-date institutions, as good as any hospitals in the country. In most of them paying beds, usually rated at fifty shillings a week, are available for patients able to pay something toward their cost, and the old stigma which hung round admission to an institution run in connection with the workhouse has been entirely removed.

WINGS.

Wrapt together in quiet dreams,
The grey water and grey sky:
Only a broken rainbow gleams,
And sea-birds cry.

Where moves the tide, silent and slow,
My way lies lonely and apart;
The feet go patiently: but oh,
The wild bird of the heart!

AGNES D. SCOTT.

THREE contiguous headlines in the *Times* last week projected us back to the days of Genesis, curiously illustrating the manner in which the modern world is stripping the mystery from the remote past. On the one page we read of: "Tigris-Euphrates Floods. Heavy Damage." "The Nile Waters Agreement." "Dead Sea Salts Concession"—and rub our eyes. By some loop in time have we not short-circuited to the dawn of the world's history? The Flood, the Exodus, and the Overwhelming of Sodom might be alluded to by these brief captions. Nor is it only Biblical history that repeats itself literally. Did not a Greek army, not so long ago, set out for the plains of Troy? While the Secretary of State for Air has lately written a book showing how easy and, indeed, delightful it is for any of us to emulate Mohammed's feat and fly to any Arabian mountain we choose. It is a sad day for mythology when the deeds of its heroes are repeated by modern business men. And where will it stop? The sacred landscape of the New Testament is accessible by motor 'bus: an Eden garden city may already be projected by enterprising excavators or farmers in Mesopotamia, and a sanguine polar explorer has recently been contradicting the old-fashioned belief that it is really cold at the North Pole—which may lead to winter sports in all the surroundings of the Ice Age.

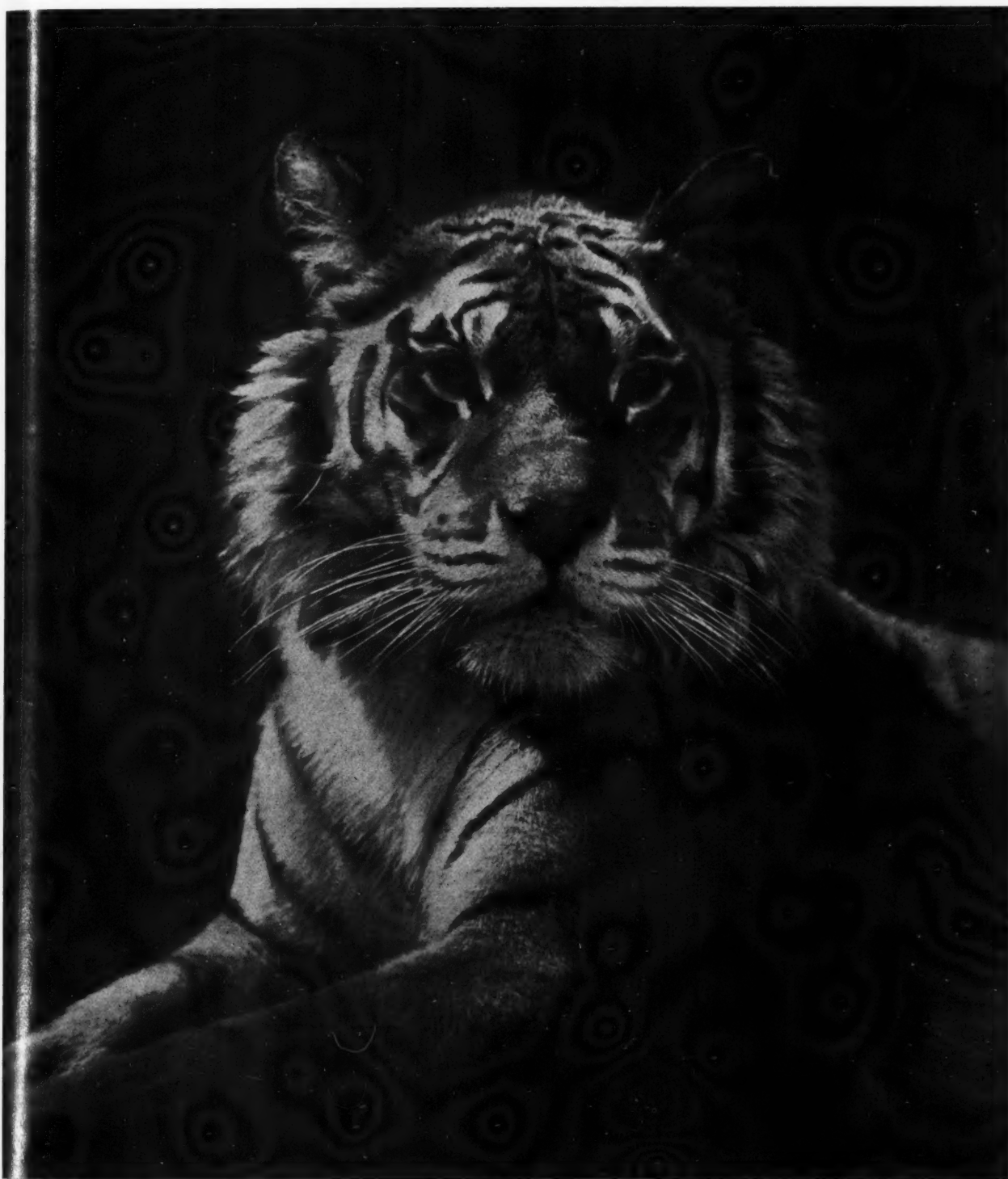
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GREAT CATS

SOME unfortunate people have a hatred of cats. They cannot bear to see that curiously inert body, its eyes blinking in the sunshine as it lies utterly relaxed on the hot window-sill behind a box of blazing geraniums. They shudder violently when, from the shadows thrown by the firelight on the rug, green eyes gleam, and with an odd, winding movement an animal emerges from the gloom, jerks its head sideways in a convulsive sneeze, arches its body and prepares to spring. I have even known ladies, otherwise reasonable, who, before they had set foot upon the stairs, would say, with that *frisson* which always goes with goose-flesh, "I can feel there's a cat in this house."

It is sad that these estimable persons should be so handicapped in life, and not unamusing to wonder idly what it is that makes them recoil with such horror before a mere ha'penny cat. Is it some atavistic racial memory of days when even the little cats were not so kind to man, or is there something almost reptilian about their sinuous grace that summons associations in which fear is uppermost? I positively refuse to believe that it is an involuntary identification of poor pussy with the great and beautiful cats that still prey on human

kind. I have known a rumbustious admiral, who would gather a dewdrop from any lion's mane, shatter priceless Crown Derby to atoms in the terror produced by the mere rubbing of a whiskered head against an attractively bright and rigid strip of gold braid. No, there must be something deeper than this. Why, if you come to that, did the Egyptians make for themselves images of the cat and fall down and worship them? Your anthropologist will murmur sweet nothings about totems. Do not believe him! The cats from which the lords of Africa desired deliverance were the lion and the leopard, yet it is not their terrifying magnificence that we find at Bubastis, but a deliciously slim felinity, the essence of that cattishness which unfortunates among us hate but some of us at least adore. It is a felinity far more exquisite than that of our stately, lordly, kindly friend of the hearthrug. He, after all, is but cousin-german to the humble wild cat of the Grampians, and though centuries have changed his mind, they have not greatly changed his body. Rather is it the felinity of those royal cats of Siam, which are said to have emerged from the jungles of Malay and still retain the traits of their lordlier ancestry.



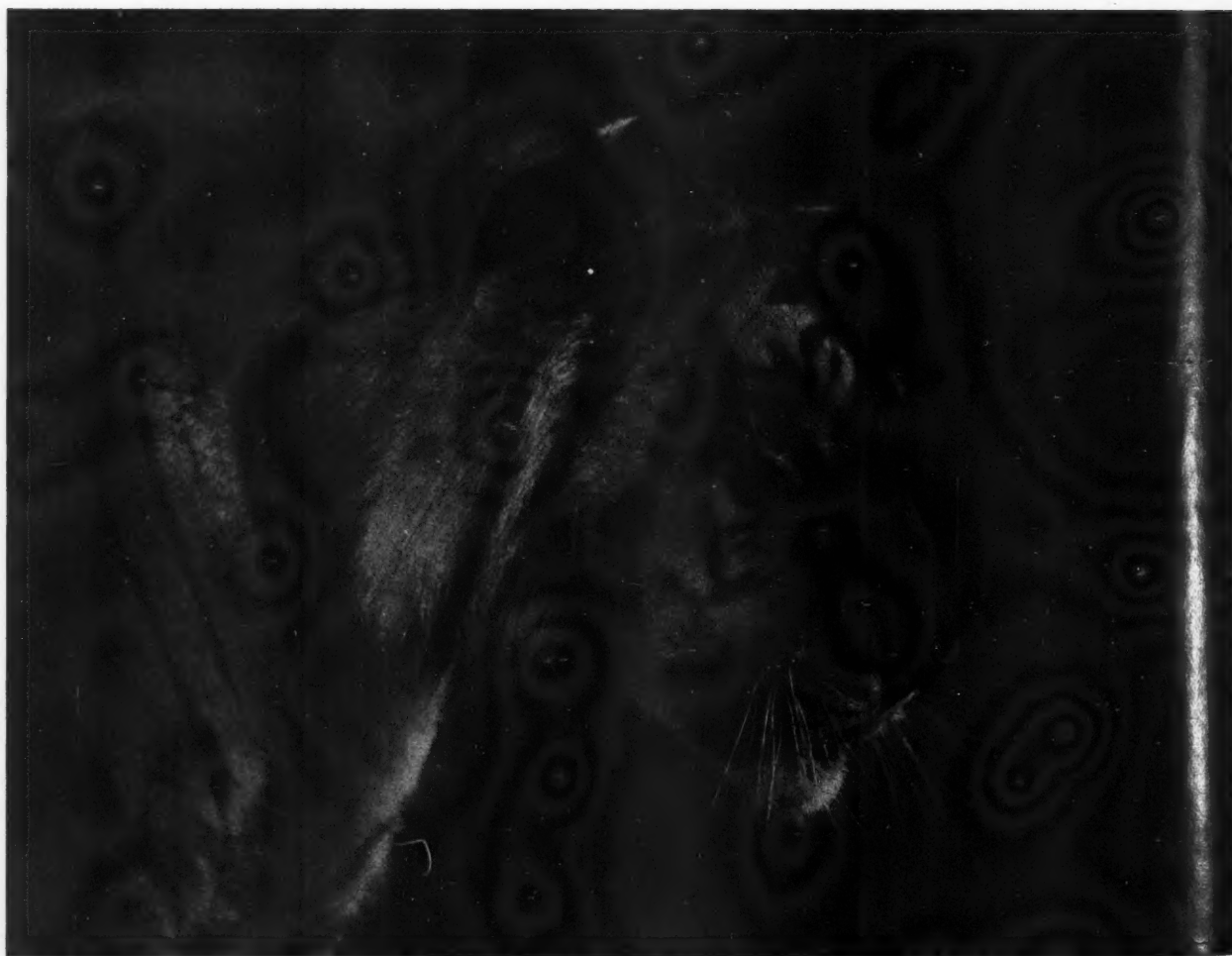
R. C. Snell.

SALLY.

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TEDDY.



R. C. Snell.

HERE COMES MY DINNER.

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All cats may, as they tell us, be grey in the night (when, indeed, they mostly flourish), but even in the most stygian gloom the great cats have their amazing differences. To most of us it is given to see the lion, the leopard, the panther, the tiger, the lynx, only in captivity, but even so—when their movements are confined and the range of their activity so limited—do they not show an amazing variety of feline beauty? These random remarks upon the race of cats are diversified with a series of most beautiful portraits of the true aristocracy of felinity. Can you look at them and not marvel at their varied types of beauty? Who would be the Paris doomed to award a golden heifer to the most beautiful among the lion, the leopard and the lynx?

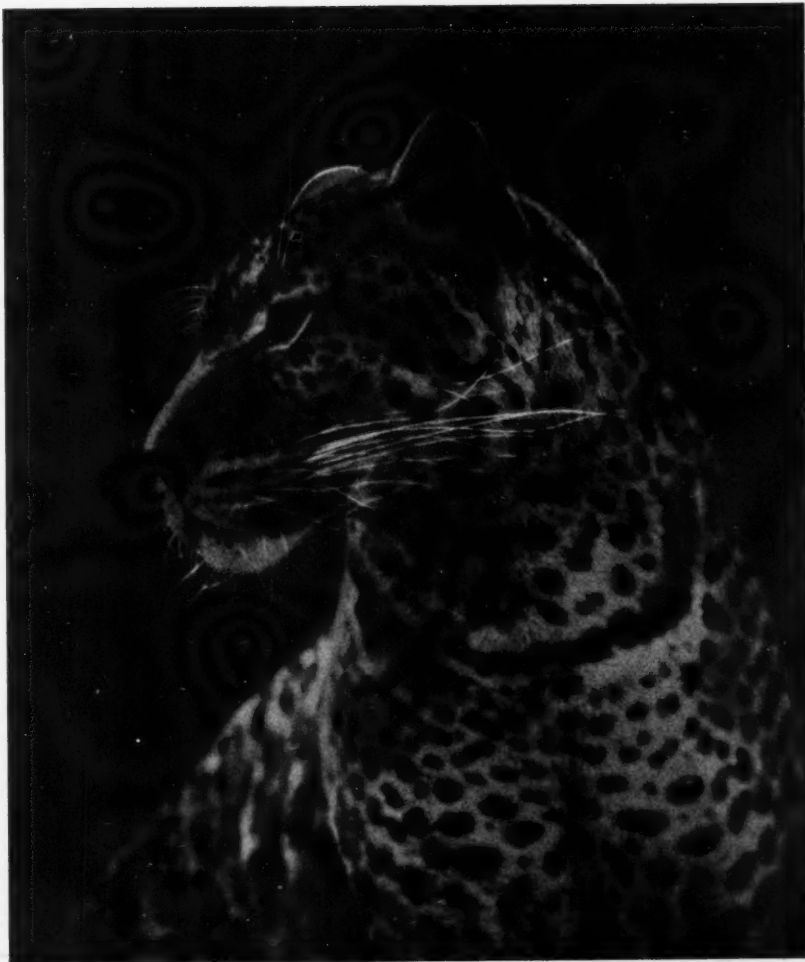
The lion, like Hera, is undoubtedly the most regal. He is the very prince of cats, and with his great tawny mane surmounting the broad and square-set body seems to have taken on a majesty which somewhat diminishes his purely feline snuousness. No wonder that he has been the symbol of kings and emperors from the time when the Gate was built at Mycenæ until now. No wonder that lions *cuchant* or *rampant*, in *or* or in *argent* appear on the scutcheons of a hundred noble families; no wonder that a lion is the emblem of a certain mighty Empire upon which the sun is said never to set. Ever since there have been records of our history, and probably for millennia before, mankind has most thoroughly agreed with Bottom that there is not anywhere a more fearful wildfowl than your lion, and though Pompey may have had slain six hundred lions on a day, it can only have been as a demonstration of super-human arrogance. We are told nowadays of course (for not even our most ancient terrors are sacred to zoologists), that the lion has never been one-half so fierce as he is painted, that to talk of lion-heart and eagle-eye is a pure misnomer, that the king of beasts is, in the words of Livingstone, "neither ferocious nor indeed noble," but, in short, a mere poltroon.

This, mankind will not easily believe, and there is certainly at least a touch of felinity evident in the great explorer himself when he goes on to remark that, far from being terrible, the lion's roar is indistinguishable from the call of an ostrich. Make no mistake, the roaring of lions strikes terror into the heart of the simple man, whether they roar in their native jungle, in a Roman amphitheatre or in a cage in Regent's Park. Many men must have thrilled with excitement in reading Gordon-Cummings' description of the lion's roar, and he at least heard it often enough in the most appropriate of surroundings. You remember the sequence—a low, deep moaning repeated four or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs, and then a quick succession of low, deep-toned, solemn roars. I refuse to believe that Livingstone was never terrified by the roaring of a lion.

Whether the lion is a coward or not is another matter. In repose he looks so sagacious and so majestic that it is difficult to believe him capable of cowardice. But certainly he is not by any means the bravest of the feline race. The leopard is far more dangerous to the hunter than is the lion. Even the wounded lion will slink off, if possible, to cover; but a wounded leopard will face any odds, and small though he is in comparison with the lion, his enormous strength and lissomeness make him one of the most dangerous of all beasts to tackle when hit and followed up. As for the ferocious tiger, it is only the old and comparatively toothless male that takes to the consumption of mankind, and the pessimism of Blake was probably based on false information when he asked of that "Tiger, tiger burning bright in the forests of the night," "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" However vicious



REX.



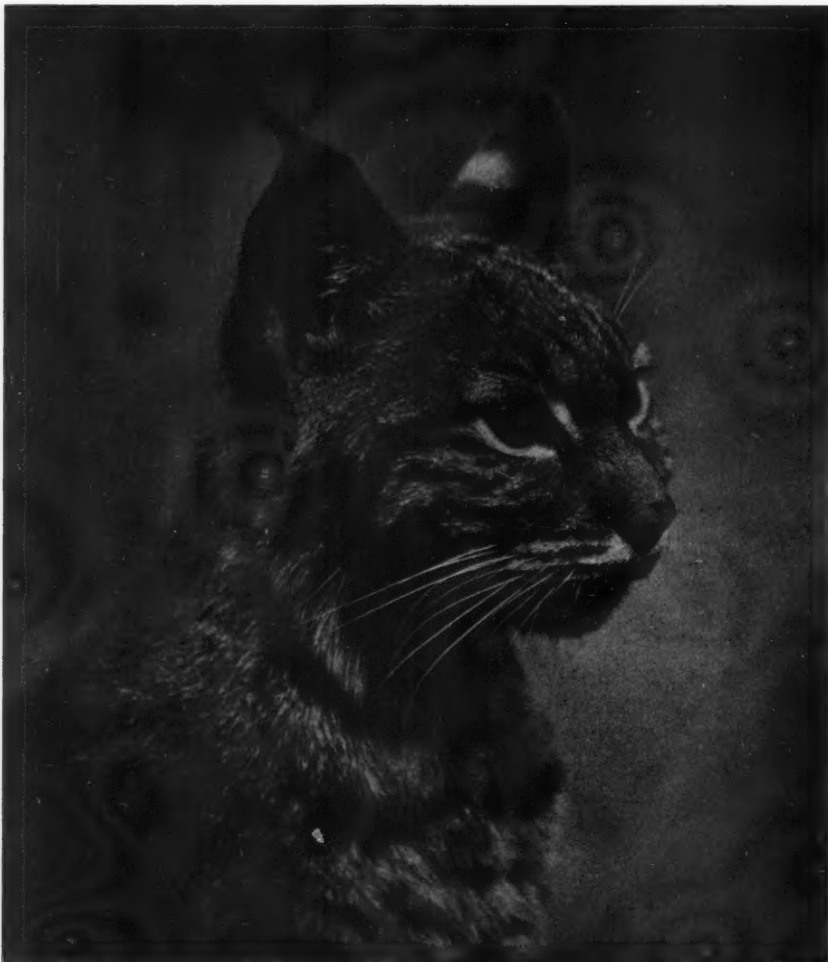
DAISY.

R. C. Snell.

Copyright.



NORTHERN LYNX.



R. C. Snell.

BAY LYNX.

Copyright.

he may or may not be, he is certainly monstrously handsome. In fact, Mr. R. C. Snell's tiger makes me so sure of his aristocratic breeding that I long to adapt the words of the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends* :

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What does a nobleman find to do ?

I fear, however, that when we have considered all these points and looked at Mr. R. C. Snell's glorious cats with the most admiring attention, we shall be little nearer the real secret of that essential felinity which some of us adore and some of us so profoundly mistrust. It is not, I think, that endearing falseness which those eyes of burning coal conceal and which even the most fervent admirer would not seek to deny. "Though the cat winks she is nae blind," says the Scotch proverb of that knowing leer, and we all are aware that our little friends are honest when the meat is on the hook. No, it is no mere duplicity that constitutes the essence of cattishness. Look into the eyes portrayed upon these pages and then tell me whether it is not rather a subtle combination of beauty, agility and, I fear it must be confessed, playful but unrelenting cruelty. Not of any of these was it written "No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity." That I fear, is the underlying truth, and those ladies of our acquaintance who dislike felinity, even while they have no great objection to a much more widespread bloodshed than any perpetrated by mere cats, will probably continue to dislike it until that happy day when they, too, like Robin Redbreast, have

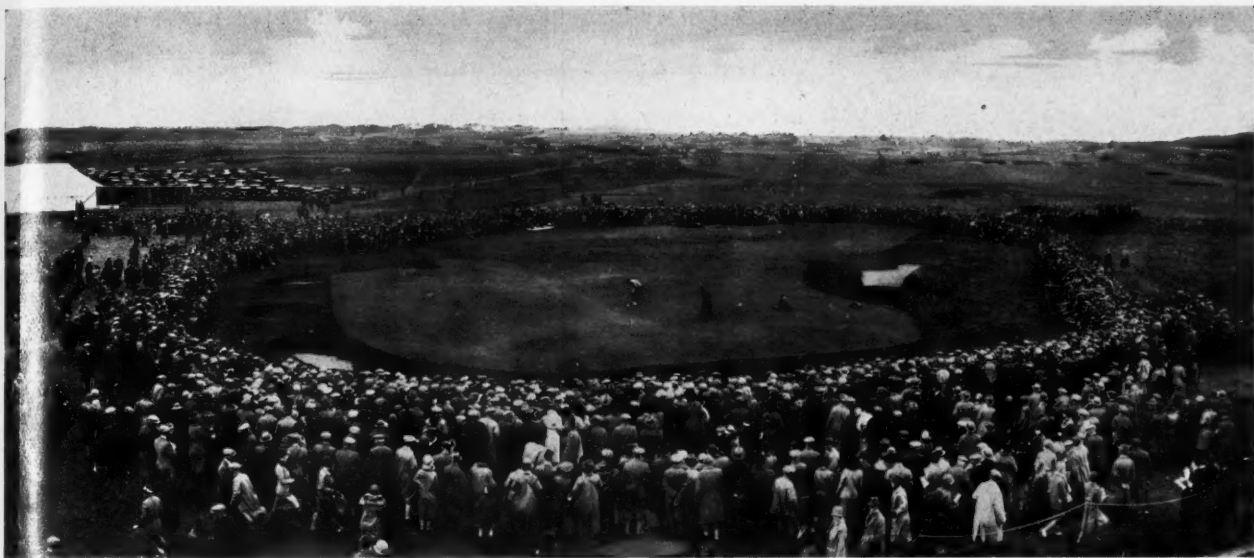
Gone to the World where Birds are blest
And never cat glides o'er the green.

R. J.

HAGEN TRIUMPHANT

ANOTHER AMERICAN VICTORY.

By BERNARD DARWIN.



HAGEN'S WINNING PUTT.

I AM writing in pencil (I trust the printers may like it) in a rather jolting train on my way from North Berwick to St. Andrews, where I go to watch the ladies. I am still a little dizzy with all the hurly burly of Muirfield, and find it hard to arrange what I am pleased to call my ideas. This Open Championship of 1929 had been trumpeted in advance as being "the greatest ever." On the whole, it has lived very well up to its reputation. It was highly dramatic; it produced magnificent golf played by one of the greatest golfers and the greatest fighter that ever lived. It lacked only one thing, the supreme excitement of a close finish. Hagen played too well and had too early a starting time. Long before his round ended we knew that all was over bar the shouting, and his round—and with it the Championship—ended at four o'clock. There was not even much shouting, not because his victory was not popular, for everyone was filled with admiration for him, but because he had won too easily.

One thing, I think, any honest Briton is compelled to admit. These Americans have set us a new standard both of ambition and achievement in golf. Of course, we have felt this before, but we have never, to my mind, been so certain of it. Perhaps they beat us still more severely at St. Annes in the year of Mr. Bobby Jones's first victory, but on that occasion there was no doubt that our own men played lamentably and failed to do themselves any kind of justice. We cannot say that this time. They played well enough, but the other fellows played better. Mitchell and Alliss, our two leaders, tied for fourth place with a score of 300. It was a very sound score. It represented an average of 75, which many experienced judges thought before play began would be just about good enough to win. It would have been good enough in a British field, but it was not good enough against the Americans. Eight

Americans in the first ten, ten Americans in the first fourteen—it is not necessary to rub it in, but these are the facts. The thing that impressed me most was a little piece of statistics calculated by somebody on the first day. There were sixteen players from America—it must be carefully stated that way because some were British born; their average score was 74.5. It is hard to contend against an enemy who can attack thus in massed formation.

Yet I see no reason for being depressed about it. Ought we not rather to be prouder than ever of our team who managed to beat such tremendous invaders in the match at Moortown? We knew they had done well then, but perhaps we did not know quite how well till after Muirfield. The Ryder Cup shines brighter than ever in our hands.

The question exactly why and how the Americans are so much our superiors at this scoring game has been discussed till we are tired of it. As to the why, I imagine that one reason is that they have so much more competition practice. Compare the lot of Alliss with, let us say, that of Horton Smith. The one spends most of his time, I suppose, laboriously teaching ambitious German beginners, and has just about two really serious pieces of golf in the whole year, the Open Championship and the German Championship. Horton Smith, as we know, has played in eighteen big open tournaments during last winter, and, incidentally, won seven of them. This intensive training, if a man be strong enough to stand it, must strengthen his game. As to the how, I think the American players at Muirfield put their long iron shots nearer the pin and were better at boiling down three shots into two. If there was a hole—and there were several when the wind blew—that could not be reached under three shots, that third shot of theirs was so confoundingly near the pin. The keen, slippery and sometimes tricky Muirfield greens worried them a good deal; they showed



HAGEN AT THE FOURTEENTH.



PERCY ALLISS, WHO TIED WITH ABE MITCHELL FOR FOURTH PLACE.

The main events, the chops and changes of the leaders, have all been written about at length, and I will not recapitulate them. Much the most striking thing in my eyes was the way in which the second and third days' play was entirely dominated by the overwhelming personality of Hagen. On the last day I was standing by the thirteenth green in company with a very great and very eloquent golfer. Hagen tried his favourite low running shot, cut things too fine and was bunkered. He had a good look at the situation, and then in the most placid and unconcerned manner chipped the ball to within five or six yards of the hole and ran down his put for three. "Sir," said my old friend like an explosive Dr. Johnson, "the man compels admiration. A man who can do that deserves to win the Championship." He does compel admiration, and he compels one to watch him. When he is on the war-path all the other players seem just a little bit insipid. As a man he towers above them all.

We have now seen Walter Hagen win our Championship four times, but we have never before seen him play as he did this time. Hitherto we have seen him make quite a number of bad shots, some of them that would have been bad for the humblest of us, and then retrieve them wonderfully. This time, for the last three rounds, he was making hardly any bad shots and his 67 was as flawless an exhibition as Harry Vardon or Bobby Jones ever gave, with never a bit of luck to help him.

There was, however, one typical Hagen round to remind us of old times, and that was the first. It was, in some ways, the most remarkable of the four. He had a very bad start—5 4 5, which meant a loss of four strokes to par, and after that he had to go through a heavy downpour of rain, whereas some of his most dangerous competitors had enjoyed perfect weather. Moreover, he was not really playing well, and he himself declared that he could not hit the ball properly with his putter. A thoroughly bad start, bad weather and the consciousness of playing badly—three severe handicaps, and yet, somehow, he fought and wrestled his way through to finish in 75. His 67 won him the Championship, but the heroic 75, that probably no one else could have done in like circumstances, laid the foundation of victory. "What a man, sir," as I heard Arnaud Massey ecstatically exclaim, "what a man!"

I think just one word should be added in praise of all those who were responsible for this Championship. Torley, the greenkeeper, had got his course into extremely fine

order, though the weather had not been very kind to him, and in respect of various details I have never seen an Open Championship better or, indeed, so well organised. The roping was well done and the crowd, a very docile one, skilfully managed. The scoring board was a great improvement on anything seen before, and one could discover what the players had done instead of trusting to someone in the crowd who was probably mendacious or imbecile. It was a very good notion, too, to put up a solid palisade behind the first teeing ground so that the players were not disturbed by a constantly shifting stream of people. In fact, the Honourable Company acquired much merit in a memorable Championship.

themselves quite human in this respect, but on the whole they stood stiller and struck the ball more freely than did the Britons. They themselves say that if this be so, it is no merit of theirs, but is due to the fact that they learn in the beginning of their golf to stand up and hit the ball boldly on slower, flatter greens. If, they say, they began on slippery, sloping greens, they would all be poking and jabbing and crouching with the most typically British of us. I daresay they are right, but I cannot say that I want to see our greens altered for the sake of the national putting.

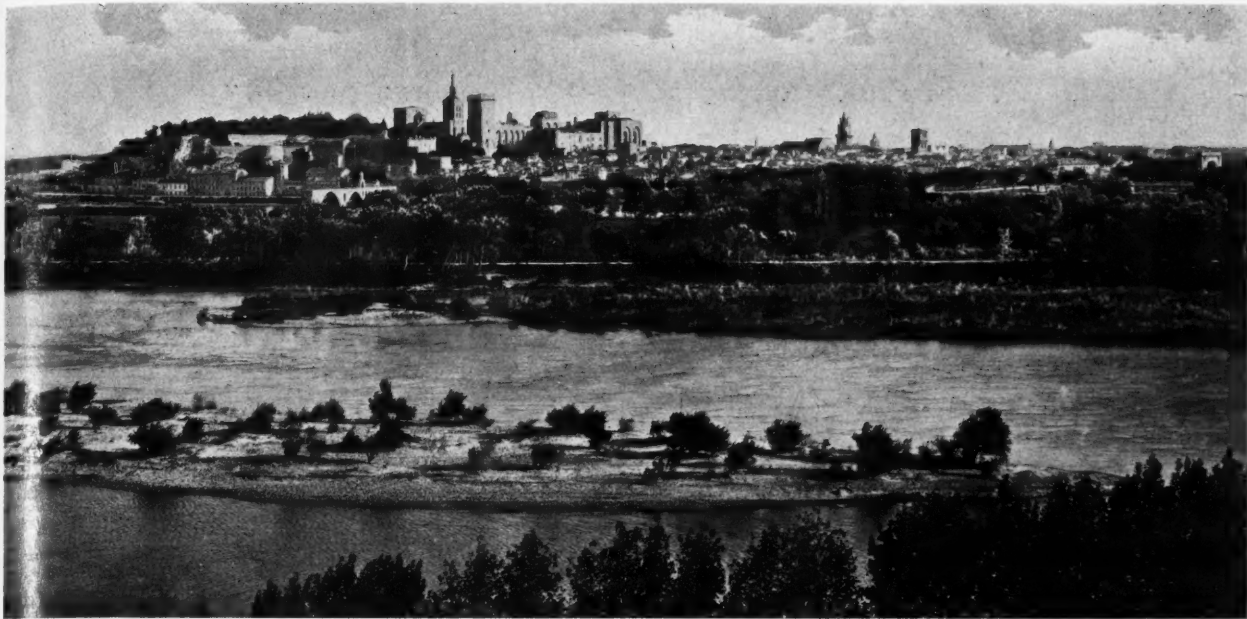


ABE MITCHELL DRIVING FROM THE FIFTEENTH HOLE.

THE PALACE OF THE POPES

IT will be a momentous event if one of the results of Cardinal Gasparri's negotiations with the French Government is to be the restitution to the Pope of the great palace at Avignon. Not since the Revolution has the papal flag flown over its walls, and for more than a hundred years what Froissart called "the finest and strongest house in the world" has been turned to secular and mundane uses. During the greater part of the nineteenth century it suffered the indignity of being used as a barracks, but for the last twenty years it has lain empty, an enormous hulk stranded on the banks of the Rhone. During this time, however, it has been slowly and carefully repaired, and the damage sustained by the fabric through a century of vandalism and neglect has largely been made good. Although a great deal would still have to be done to the interior to undo the havoc which its reconstruction as a barracks entailed, it would be perfectly feasible to restore the palace for habitation once more. And the minutely detailed accounts of its construction which are preserved in the Vatican archives would make it possible to reproduce the original disposition of its rooms.

The main bulk of the vast building was erected by Benedict XII, "the White Cardinal," who is commemorated by the little turret—la Tourelle du Cardinal blanc—which projects from the angle of the west façade and looks out over the river to Fort St. André and the four remaining arches of the Pont Saint Bénézet. Although the work was begun by John XXII, two-thirds of the building as it is to-day was planned by Benedict after he succeeded his uncle in 1334, and it was carried on by his successor, Clement VI. The two things which strike the eye, apart from the gigantic size of the building, are its cliff-like walls, uncompromising in their severity, and the lovely golden-coloured masonry—"teinte uniforme de feuille sèche," as Stendhal called it. The warm colour of the stone of Provence appears strange when combined with features of such stern aspect, but it imparts to them an air of radiant majesty. The scale of the work is enormous, the walls being broken up into a series of gigantic lancets or arched recesses, the piers of which rise buttress-like from the ground. The machicolations, originally placed on every tower and wall, are the largest in existence; they are wide enough to have made it possible to hurl down baulks of timber which would have swept a dozen storming ladders from the walls. Such were the precautions



AVIGNON FROM THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

taken to protect the person of His Holiness during the turbulent years of "the Babylonish Captivity."

The main entrance and the part of the west façade south of the projecting turret were erected during the ten years of Clement VI's rule. In 1345 he bought up all the existing houses on this side of the palace and built on their site this west block as well as a south side to the courtyard begun by Benedict. His work, called the *Novum Opus*, contained the vast Audience Chamber, where cases were brought for decision before the papal court of appeal. On the east side of the courtyard is the famous Tour des Anges, built by Benedict and containing the papal bedroom. In 1379 it was used by Clement VII and called the "Chamber of the Flying Stag," from the frescoes which formerly decorated its walls. The room below it was the Legate's ante-chamber; that immediately above contained the Pope's library. In the cellars of this tower was stored his private stock of wine, "ordinaire" from Saint Gilles, claret from St. Porcien, burgundy from Beaune, a few bottles of Old Cyprian, a dozen or so from Italy, and a great many of the local "Château-neuf du Pape." Clement VI built a little tower adjoining it—la Tour des Etuves—in which were placed the papal bathrooms.

Clement VI's work was not completed till five years after his death. On April 30th, 1357, the final touches were put to the machicolations and the roof terraces by his architect, Jean de Loubières, and the great castle palace was finished. The Tour St. Laurent, added at the south-east corner of the Audience Chamber by Innocent VI, was the only subsequent addition of importance. Clement is commemorated on the west façade by the great portal which he built, as Innocent is by the little turret bearing his name. Over the lofty doorway, inset in the wall, is his tiara. The two turrets with which he crowned the entrance were removed in 1770, and only their corbelled bases now remain. This enormous fortress palace, so unlike its counterpart at Rome, took twenty-two years building—a short enough time when the immensity of its size is considered. It remains as one of the greatest monuments of the Middle Ages, and a monument to a curious and not very reputable phase of papal history. But that Avignon should not belong to the Holy See now that the problem of temporal power is settled would be an anomaly like that of leaving a cathedral as a historic monument and no more. Let us hope that this generation will see restored to Avignon something of its former glory.



THE WEST FACADE OF THE PALACE.

"THE BLUE ARMY"

By J. F. MOYLAN, C.B., C.B.E., RECEIVER FOR THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT.



nearly 5,000 Specials, and at the saluting base will be detachments of the C.I.D. and of the Women Police.

It may, perhaps, be thought that such a semi-military display is inappropriate to what is essentially a civil organisation, but this review by the Prince of Wales is a natural form for the public celebration of the police centenary to take, and, moreover, it gives expression to what was, perhaps, the main feature of the police reform of 1829. In forming his new police for London Sir Robert Peel (Home Secretary 1822-27, 1828-30, and Prime Minister 1834-35, 1841-46) applied to them some of the principles and virtues of military organisation and discipline which the old system of parish constables and watchmen entirely lacked and without which no police system can succeed.

In this, as in the other great measures with which his name is associated (reform of the criminal law, Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Corn Laws), Peel was carrying out other people's ideas. The need for a properly organised police, who would prevent as well as detect crime, had been urged by many, notably by Dr. Patrick Colquhoun, author of the famous *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*, first published in 1796; and there had been a number of what might be described as practical experiments in that direction. A river police for the Thames (now the Thames Division of the Metropolitan Police) had been established in 1798, under the auspices of Colquhoun and that universal reformer Jeremy Bentham; and in some of the parishes of London the parochial police had become quite efficient before their dispersal. For example, in St. James's the night watch were all Chelsea pensioners; on the other hand, there were such travesties as the police of Camberwell, where the parish paupers used to be dressed up to look like constables and sent out to frighten away the beggars.

The most important forerunners of the modern policemen were the Bow Street officers, and we must go back a little to trace their origin. When towns grew up at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries,

criminals became something of an organised class, and in the time of Queen Anne and George I the notorious Jonathan Wild ruled over the criminals of London and held the community to ransom. It is the historian of "Jonathan the Great," Henry Fielding, one of the greatest names in English literature, who is to be regarded as the originator in this country of the professional police officer and the founder of the science of police, in other words of counter-organisation against crime and disorder. In 1748 Fielding, who was a barrister as well as novelist, dramatist and satirist, became a justice of the peace, not just an ordinary member of "the great unpaid," but the holder of a special salaried or "pensioned" post at the public office in Bow Street. This, the first and most famous of London's police courts, had been established about 1735 by Colonel Sir Thomas De Veil, a very active and celebrated justice in his day. A justice of the peace before 1829 was, it should be noted, as much a police officer as a magistrate, and it was in the former capacity that Fielding proceeded, in 1749-50, to organise a small band of parish constables and ex-parish constables who were known as his "thief-takers," and dispersed the gangs of street robbers who then infested London. This was effected largely by means of secret payments for information. Fielding was able only to make a commencement with his "plan of police" before he died in 1754, and it was under his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, who carried on his work down to 1780 (the year of the Gordon Riots), that the Bow Street police were established. A little known portrait of the famous blind magistrate is shown here.

The Bow Street "thieftakers" were the beginning of the detective branch of the police, and after Sir John Fielding's time they became known as the Bow Street "runners." Everyone has heard of the runners, and in their time they were looked upon as masters of a secret and mysterious craft. A mere handful of men, never more than twelve, and usually only eight, they were, in their heyday, little better than a private detective agency, hand-in-glove with criminals. Less famous, but more efficient and more of a public service, were the Bow Street patrols—the foot patrol established in 1782, the horse patrol dating from 1805 (although there was for a short time a horse patrol under Sir John Fielding), the dismounted horse patrol,

who were probationers for the horse patrol, and the day patrol introduced by Peel in 1822. In George IV's reign the patrols numbered 300. Apart from the small day patrol, they were an evening police, on duty from dusk to about midnight, patrolling the streets and roads of what is now the Metropolitan Police district (i.e., to a distance of fifteen miles or so from Charing Cross), to protect wayfarers after dark against highwaymen and footpads.

The Bow Street police effected little or no improvement in the general state of crime in London or in the protection which life and property enjoyed. A series of parliamentary enquiries from 1770 onwards had shown with increasing clearness the need for substituting an efficient police force under some form of central control for the scattered, disconnected and even hostile units of the parochial police, but nothing was done. As Irish Secretary (1812-18), Peel established in the proclaimed districts of Ireland, under the Peace Preservation Act of 1814, a force of constables who were the nucleus of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and were the first to be known as



THE JOINT FOUNDER OF THE BOW STREET POLICE.



THE LAST OF THE "CHARLIES."

which fronted on Whitehall Place and had a back entrance in Old Scotland Yard (now Great Scotland Yard). As the back entrance was a police station used by police and public, the new police office became known from the first as "Scotland Yard," a name which later tended to be exclusively associated with the detective police established in the separate building in the middle of Scotland Yard shown in the accompanying illustration (in which the lamp of the old police station can just be seen on the right).

The first two Commissioners were a distinguished soldier and a young barrister. The soldier was Colonel Rowan, afterwards Sir Charles Rowan, K.C.B., who had been one of Peel's police magistrates in Ireland. As a soldier he fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna, was wounded at Badajoz and again in the charge against Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo. The barrister was Richard Mayne, afterwards Sir Richard Mayne, K.C.B., who presided over the destinies of the new police for nearly forty years and moulded the organisation very much in the form which it has ever since retained.

The first thousand of the new police took up their appointed beats on the evening of Michaelmas Day, 1829, and from that day to this nearly 120,000 men have passed through the ranks of the Metropolitan

"Peelers." During his first years as Home Secretary (1822-27) Peel, while busy reforming the criminal law, was also studying the police question, and, on his return to office in 1828, as soon as he had piloted the Catholic Emancipation Bill through its stormy passage into law, he introduced, in April, 1829, the Metropolis Police Improvement Bill, which passed the House of Commons on May 25th, 1829, and received the Royal Assent in June. In July two Commissioners of Police were appointed to organise a force of some 3,000 constables under superintendents, inspectors and sergeants. Their office was in a building

Police force. The force is now about 20,000 strong, of whom about a twentieth constitute the detective branch, or C.I.D.

Although the new police were at first denounced as Peel's "blue army," they were not very military in appearance, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration of a constable of 1829. They were clothed in blue swallow-tail coats, blue trousers (white duck in summer) and leather top-hats (with oilskin covers for wet weather), and carried short truncheons and rattles. They also wore very stiff leather stocks. It was not until 1863-64 that the helmet and tunic or jacket of to-day were adopted; the leather stock and the rattle survived for



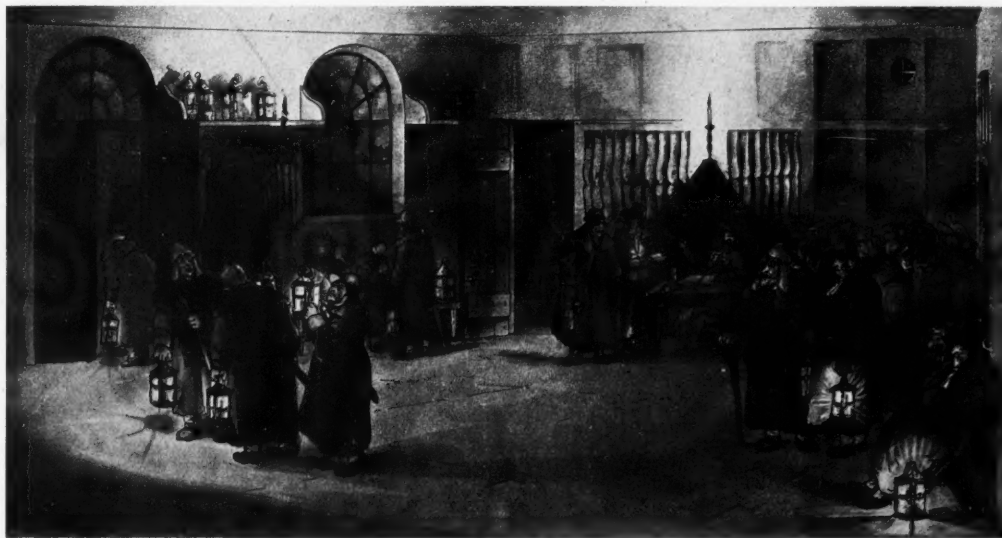
TOWNSEND, THE BOW STREET RUNNER.

or so. It has, fortunately, never been necessary to arm the English policeman with anything more lethal than a wooden truncheon.

In conclusion, a few of the outstanding events in the hundred years of police history since 1829 may be touched upon. The Coldbathfields Riot of 1833 was the first serious collision between the police and the mob. One constable was killed and the state of popular feeling at the time is shown by the fact that the inquest jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide," and were presented with silver cups for their "glorious verdict." In 1840 the Metropolitan Police district, which was originally about the size of the County of London, was enlarged to its present limits. In the "hungry 'forties" came the troubles with the Chartists. The programme of the centenary parade has an interesting picture of a body of the police waiting to take part in what the *Times* called "the great field day of the British Constitution," April 10th, 1848. A vast body of special constables, reputed to be 150,000, all the regular police (about 5,000) and several regiments of cavalry, infantry and artillery were collected, under the Duke of Wellington, to deal with the insurgents who were to assemble on Kennington Common and march



THE LAST OF THE "PEELERS."



A WATCH-HOUSE IN 1809.

on London. But the Chartists mustered in such dishearteningly small numbers that when it came on to rain heavily everybody went home to tea, and so ended the British revolution of 1848.

The turning point in the development of the Metropolitan Police was the Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell in December, 1867. In the long run this outrage, which caused tremendous alarm, led to a large increase in the police, and, under Sir Edmund Henderson (who succeeded Sir Richard Mayne in 1869), to the development of a detective force, which, in 1878 (after the great "Scotland Yard scandal" of 1877), became the C.I.D., to the system of having policemen at fixed points (most of which are now traffic points), and to many other changes.

The eighties of last century were the stormiest period in Metropolitan Police history. These were the years of the Fenian dynamite campaign, and when this was ended came the West End Riot of February 8th, 1886 ("Black Monday," which finished Sir Edmund Henderson's career), the Trafalgar Square



THE POLICE OFFICE IN OLD SCOTLAND YARD.

disturbances of 1887 (culminating in "Bloody Sunday" of November 13th), which earned Sir Charles Warren great unpopularity, and then the great "Jack the Ripper" scare of 1888. As a matter of fact it was a letter to a news agency that originated the name "Jack the Ripper." Scotland Yard took it seriously, but it was probably the effort of a too enterprising Pressman. With the 'nineties Scotland Yard sailed into calmer waters under Sir Edward Bradford; but after the Boer War troublous

times returned, and with the enormous expansion of London and its population the force rapidly grew under Sir Edward Henry to its present size. Old Scotland Yard and 4, Whitehall Place were forsaken for New Scotland Yard in 1890, and in 1927 a newer Scotland Yard was opened in Lambeth Road, a stone's throw from Lambeth Palace. There are housed the Lost Property Office, the Public Carriage Office, the Police Store and the Garage for Scotland Yard's fleet of cars, including those of the "Flying Squad," a name which, perhaps, anticipates what the police will be a hundred years hence.

"CHACUN A SON GOUT"

AS I look upon these pictures, the originals of which are known to me so well in the flesh, my mind is in a state of bewilderment. Which should I choose if opportunity were given me of taking home any that I pleased? Put them two by two, and I should have to say, with the man in "The Beggar's Opera":

How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away.

Most people who visit an important dog show, such as that of the Ladies' Kennel Association last week, must share my

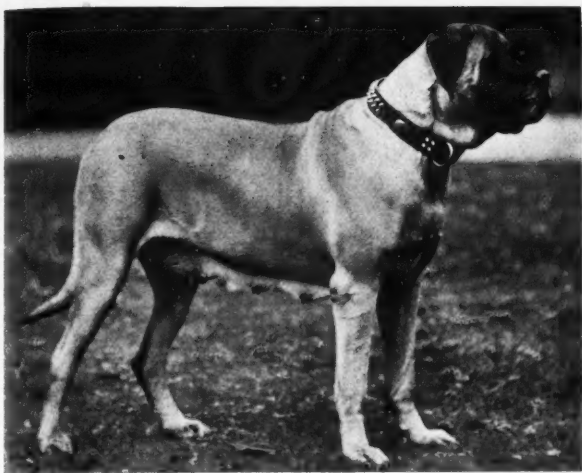
feelings. Have I not heard them, as they make a parade of the benches, expressing admiration of all they see, big and little, beautiful and bizarre? All the earth has contributed its different breeds of dogs to become denizens of our kennels, but we need not complain of that, since at one time or another probably all our breeds came from outside. Even the mastiffs, which were here when Julius Cæsar landed, are supposed to have been of Asiatic extraction. If you go to the Assyrian Galleries of the British Museum, you will find bas-reliefs depicting dogs that surely were the forerunners of Mrs. E. G. Oliver's Ch. Joy of



H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA'S ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CH. INVERESK CARMINETTA, AND MR. A. MCNAB CHASSELS' INVERESK CASHIER, WINNERS OF FOUR FIRST PRIZES.



MRS. L. W. CROUCH'S SALUKIS ORCHARD SHAZAMAN AND ORCHARD DINAR, WINNERS OF NINE PRIZES.



MRS. OLIVER'S MASTIFF CH. JOY OF WANTLEY.

Wantley, here shown. Greyhounds, also an ancient British breed, are believed to have been brought westwards by the wandering Celtic tribes, who pushed onwards in the direction of the setting sun.

Those Salukis of Mrs. Crouch's, dignified and graceful, most likely had their roots in the East in the days of the Pharaohs, and I should think that Mrs. Robson's Afghan is descended from the same family. Spaniels, of course, came from Spain, and their name insists, although it is but in later years that they have been separated more carefully into varieties under the impulse towards differentiation prompted by shows. You may see the type of English springer preferred in our illustrations of the Maharaja of Patiala's Ch. Inveresk Carminetta and Mr. A. McNab Chassels' Inveresk Cashier, both of which are workers as well as show dogs.

Mrs. Hackney's Dalmatian, Snow Leopard, is no upstart either, his forebears having been known for many centuries in the regions bordering on the Eastern Adriatic. There is a picture of an ancient chariot, to which I am unable to assign a date, by the side of which is running an undoubted Dalmatian. They are said to have been used as dogs of war, and in some parts they have been shot over. Indeed, they bear some resemblance in form to the pointer. We were content, however, to have them running behind our carriages and coaches, for which reason they were associated with grooms and stables, and it was thought that they had not much sense. Since they have been bred for exhibition and companionship their mentality seems to have developed.

Foreign lands, therefore, may claim many that are shown, but we may have some complacency in feeling that the bulldog is assuredly ours. We made him, as he was in the bull and bear baiting days and as he is now, shorter on the leg, wider of



MRS. WALZ'S BULLDOG CH. PUGILIST.

chest and more massive in head. These changes have come within the memory of living man as an example of what can be accomplished by selective breeding. Mrs. Walz's Ch. Pugilist, one of the best of the day, won his fourteenth challenge certificate last week. A sturdy, devoted, blundering fellow, the bulldog is beloved of all who know him. Old English sheepdogs are so sagacious and praiseworthy that they are deserving of our friendship before many that men and women take into their homes, but I suppose people are afraid of their coats. Mrs.

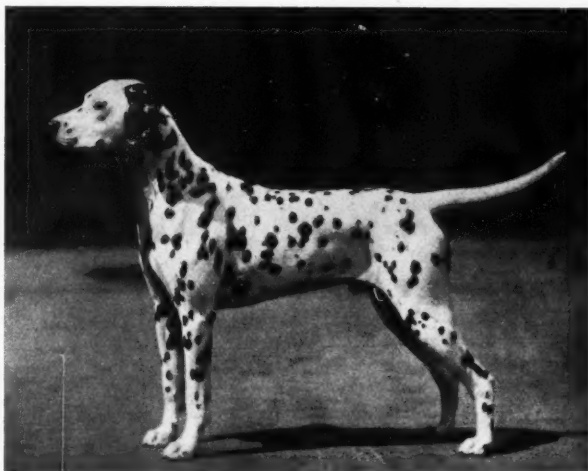
Fare Fosse is one of our oldest and most successful breeders. These dogs are very similar to varieties that are to be met with in different parts of the Continent.

The breeds mentioned are but a tithe of those that were benched at the Ladies' Show. There were the terriers, for instance, "pride in their port, defiance in their eye," making a goodly family, some of which are the outcome of the present century. Kerry blues were heard of sporadically before the war, but it was not until dog showing was resumed that we had the opportunity of meeting them in England. Roughish looking customers they were, too, when they first appeared, and the Irish are afraid that we may get them a little too refined by over-preparation for shows. What a contrast they are to the fox-

terriers, neat and debonair, whose claim to high breeding is undeniable. Sealyhams, too, have improved enormously in a very few years, having become more of a size and more uniform type.

While terriers are still as popular as ever among exhibitors, one could not help noting the other day that the bigger breeds are having their renaissance. For a time people shunned the expense of upkeep and the heavy cost of taking them about to shows.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



MRS. D. K. HACKNEY'S DALMATIAN SNOW LEOPARD.



T. Fall.

MRS. V. E. HARDY'S KERRY BLUE, CH. PRINCETOWN SORLEY BOY.



Copyright.

MRS. FARE FOSSE'S OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG MOONSHINE WEATHER.



As built about 1450 by Sir Roger Fienes, Herstmonceux was the earliest great brick-built house south of the Thames. Gutted and disroofed in 1777, it has, in recent years, been carefully preserved and re-conditioned by Colonel Lowther.

WHAT remains of the castle of Herstmonceux represents one of the very finest domestic buildings of the time of Henry VI, and has the added distinction of being the first great house built of brick south of the Thames.

The great Sussex lowland that stretches eastwards from the drop of the Haslemere Hills to the sea at Pevensey was mostly forest-covered in Saxon days and for long afterwards, for it was part of the great Andredsweald district. Thus, even when partial cultivation fed settlers and gave rise to churches and villages, there remained vast acres of woods or hursts, and it was their woodland character that gave name to such places as Goudhurst and Crowhurst, Hurstpierpoint and Herstmonceux. The last-named was called *Herste tout court* when the Domesday Surveyors came round in 1085 and found that Edmer, the priest, had held it under Edward the Confessor, but that it was then held by William, son of Robert, Earl of Eu, being one of the 108 manors bestowed upon the latter by the Conqueror and including the honour of Hastings, of whose lord

Herst for centuries continued to be held by a mesne tenant, who took his name from the parish, the 5,000 acres of which spread out on each side of a brook meandering down to the sea at Pevensey half a dozen miles to the south. But when, in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, Waleran de Herst inherited a Hampshire manor and other lands through a Monceux heiress, he combined the two names, and from that day to this his paternal manor has been called Herstmonceux.

A second Waleran de Herstmonceux was on the side of Simon de Montfort when the latter moved south with the Londoners to give battle to Henry III in 1264. Henry marched thither from Battle, and on his way spent a night at Herstmonceux, where his men hunted the enemy owner's deer in his park. But Waleran was well able to turn the tables on them when the King and many of his knights and barons were made prisoners at the ensuing fight.

Waleran was followed by three generations of Johns, the last of whom, having no son, was succeeded at Herstmonceux by his sister Mary, wife of John de Fienes. At the time when



Copyright.

1.—THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE, FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE GATE-HOUSE AND BRIDGE.
The bridge has been re-built.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3—THE SOUTH ELEVATION, BEFORE THE EXCAVATION OF THE MOAT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Waleran the first owned the manor, a Fienes was still Constable of Dover Castle, an office which, with the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, had been granted hereditarily to his ancestors by the Conqueror. The head of the Fienes family was Count of Boulogne, and all of them depended on or leant towards France, and so, after the attempt of Prince Louis to wrest the crown of England from King John had failed through that sovereign's death and the succession of his son as Henry III, it was held inconsistent with national safety that one who held lands of and owned fealty to the French crown should hold "the lock and key of the whole realm." Hubert de Burgh, Great Justiciar and chief supporter of young Henry, thereupon himself took over the Constablership from John de Fienes, who had an equivalent granted elsewhere.

At that time another member of the family, William de Fienes, was lord of the manors of Wendover in Bucks and of Martock in Somerset, where he was succeeded in 1241 by his son Ingelram. Unlike the then owner of Herstmonceux, Ingelram de Fienes sided with Henry III in his wars with the barons and fought at Evesham, where Prince Edward defeated and slew Simon de Montfort in 1265. Five years later there

was sufficient internal peace in England to warrant the prince going on crusade, and he was accompanied by Ingelram's two sons, William and Giles. All got safely home after Henry's death had made the prince King Edward I. But William de Fienes' descendants elected to side with the King of France when Edward III invaded it, and so lost their English estates. Giles, however, marrying the heiress of Oldcourt in Wartling—the next parish to Herstmonceux—settled down there as an Englishman, and it was his grandson who, at some date in the early part of the fourteenth century, married Mary de Herstmonceux and in her right became lord of that manor.

At his death in 1351 he was succeeded by his son William de Fienes, who took to wife Joan, heiress to Geoffrey, Lord Say, and at the inquisition held after his death ten years later it was found that "at Herstmonceux there is a capital messuage with garden adjoining," in the midst of demesne and tenanted lands. His eldest son, John, died in 1375 while still a minor, when his brother William succeeded and, marrying an heiress, improved the family fortunes for his son Roger, who was baptised "on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross" in 1384 at Herstmonceux Church, where his father was



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4—THE CASTLE ARISING FROM THE MOAT AREA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

laid beneath a slab enriched with a brass of his figure in full armour in 1405.

Thus Sir Roger de Fienes was thirty-one years of age when he and his eight men-at-arms and twenty-four archers sailed with Henry V from Southampton in 1415 on the expedition which was to lead to the surprising victory of Agincourt on October 25th. It had been a rash and risky business from the moment when, Harfleur having been taken in September, the ambitious young King decided to march right across Normandy and into Picardy so as to reach his town of Calais. Despite the disturbed condition of France and the hostility of the Duke of Burgundy to its ruling faction, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon collected an army of some 50,000 men to stop the invaders, who totalled no more than one-fifth of that number. The French defended the line of the Somme, so that Henry failed to cross at Abbeville on the direct way to Calais and had to turn up-stream and march sixty miles to Peronne before he could find an opportunity of getting to the other side of the river. There were then ninety miles between him and safety, with the French host across his path. It is almost incredible that this massed array of the flower of Gallic chivalry, including half the splendidly horsed and accoutred nobility of the realm,

small boy. Bodiam is smaller and built not of brick, but of stone. But it has the same well balanced, almost symmetrical plan, forming a rectangle with almost equal sides, and having towers set at the four corners and above the main gateway and the postern, which occupy the centres of the north and south sides, while from the centres of the east and west sides towered projections also rise. That was ample incident for Bodiam, with sides about 150ft. long. But at the much larger Herstmonceux breaks intervene between corners and centres formed as octagonal-shaped bays the full height of the walls and continuing the crenellated line. Again, Bodiam, occupying an area of 22,500 square feet, had room only for one interior court about 80ft. across, with a single line of main rooms using up the space between court and exterior walls. But Herstmonceux, with double the superficial area, provided an interspace so large that the Great Hall and its adjuncts were not set against an outer wall, but ran across the internal area, leaving courts on both south and north of it (Fig. 11). Moreover, the southern and larger area was again bisected by a narrow range of buildings running north and south, thus forming an office or pump court, and another of a greater size and presence, opening out from the main gateway and surrounded by a cloister—a very rare feature in a



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5.—GATE-HOUSE AND BRIDGE, FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

made so poor a stand that in a short space of time 10,000 were slain and a vast number of its chiefs, including the French King's cousin, Orleans, were captured. The victors, with trifling loss and laden with booty and wealthy prisoners, reached Calais four days later, and the triumphal entry into London took place on November 23rd.

The fight for the crown of France, successful while Henry V lived, began to turn against the English soon after his death in 1422. But it continued to the end of Sir Roger Fienes' life and—anyhow, in its earlier phases—must have been profitable to him or he would never have been able to contemplate, let alone effect, the building of a most sumptuous castle covering an area of some 45,000 square feet. Yet it was not until after the Duke of Burgundy had ceased to be England's ally and that Charles VII had regained Paris that Sir Roger obtained his *licentia kernellandi*—the necessary Royal permission to embattle his dwelling. That, Mr. Venables tells us in his account of Herstmonceux, appears in the Patent Roll of 19 Henry VI—that is, in 1440—together with leave to enclose and enlarge his park so that it is afterwards described as being "three miles about."

In general plan and conception Herstmonceux Castle resembles that at Bodiam, a dozen miles off to the north-east and built by Sir Edward Dalyngrigge when Roger Fienes was a

mediaeval castle, however usual it might be in a monastic house or in a college, such as Fienes' contemporary, Bishop Waynflete, introduced at Magdalen in stone and at Eton in brick.

For Bodiam the licence to crenellate had been obtained in 1386 by Dalyngrigge, who had fought with Edward III in France, as did Fienes with Henry V. Castle building and military defence, as practised in a country constantly subject to civil strife and alien invasion, was, therefore, equally well known to both of them. Thus the defensive conception which was dying away in England was kept alive in them, to be practised at home, especially as they built their new houses where waterways gave access up-country from a flat sea shore. But their castle plan was English and not French. In France a great tower remained an outstanding castle feature even in the fifteenth century. No French castle, as Viollet le Duc tells us, was without its donjon, of which the essential characteristic was to command the rest of the castle, but to have an independent exit. Such had been the Norman keep in England, but it had been superseded by the concentric castle plan that developed under Edward I and gave us Conway, Carnarvon and Harlech as strongholds to withstand Welsh risings. The abstract conception of the concentric castle was of a square bailey containing the principal living quarters and enclosed by



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6.—LOWLAND AND HILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

high ramparts with mural towers set at intervals. It was, in itself, an expanded but thoroughly defensive keep, and beyond its walls lay an outer bailey entirely surrounding it and similarly, if less massively, treated, and forming a space to house dependents and horses, while serving as a first line of defence.

As irregular and hilly sites were often chosen for castles, the coveted regularity could seldom be reached. But the positions of Bodiam and Herstmonceux were admirable for it. They were, however, designed as the agreeable residences of rich men and not as military outposts, and therefore there was no call for an outer line of defence, and even the inner line—especially at the later Herstmonceux—was not serious as a fortification. The castle effect was to be grandly staged, but a real siege was no part of the programme. From windows piercing the outer walls light and outlook were to be realised amenities. It was a house for the joys of security, not the gloom of danger.

Thus Roger Fiennes adopted a plan that was of his own land rather than of France. But was it from the latter that he derived the idea of using bricks? They had taken no hold on the south of England at this time, although along the eastern seaboard Hull had been built of them under Richard II, and in Lincolnshire and Norfolk Lord Cromwell and Sir John Fastolf had started the re-building of Tattershall and Caister castles some years before the Herstmonceux licence was granted. But they were Sir Roger's fellow-fighters in France, and so were Sir John Tyrrell and Sir John Montgomery, who, at Heron Court and at Faulkbourne Hall in Essex, were also engaged in rehousing themselves in brick. Mr. Kestell Floyer—who read a paper on the subject to the Royal Archaeological Institute in 1913—urges that as these leading users of brick in England had "lived for some years in French châteaux, and were familiar with them both from a domestic as well as a defensive point of view," therefore their edifices "point not to Flemish importation or workmanship, but to a French impulse reviving and developing an English industry."

We know, however, that it was Flemings who were making bricks for Sir Thomas Stonor in Buckinghamshire at the time when Agincourt was fought, and it was "Baldwin Docheman"

who was at the head of Lord Cromwell's Lincolnshire brickworks in 1434. Moreover, if we take the evidence of French brick buildings existing in 1415, we shall find that the English invaders had little chance to learn much from them and that Mr. Floyer was shaky in his chronology when he asserted that they "had been for years familiar in France with castles built in brick with a diaper pattern and with several other characteristics which appear for the first time in the castles they erected on their return home."

Mr. Floyer endeavours to enlist Viollet le Duc as a witness in favour of his thesis, telling us that the author of the *Dictionnaire Raisoné de l'Architecture Française* calls attention to the early use of brick in the Bourbonnais because "there was no stone." That, however, is what le Duc says of the Toulousain and not of the Bourbonnais, where he mentions the Château de la Palisse as the chief example in that province of fifteenth century brickwork, where "the walls present (by the alternation of red and black bricks) various designs, such as lozenges, zigzags, chevrons, etc." But neither into the Toulousain nor into the Bourbonnais did the English occupation reach; and, besides, although much of la Palisse is of the fifteenth century, yet even the undiapered portions look no earlier than Louis XI, who did not begin to rule until the English had been ejected from France; while the diapered walling is pierced by Renaissance windows of the François I type.

Nor is Mr. Floyer any happier in the support he seeks to derive from M. Fouquier's *Les Grands Châteaux de France*. Normandy, Maine, Touraine and Anjou were the provinces that the English got to know best. But what important brick castle stood in any of them in 1415? In Maine Mr. Floyer mentions Lassay. But, as was normal in that district, granite rubble is the principal material of its composition. So at Courcelles-le-Roi in the Orleanais stone was chiefly used, while the little diapered brick turrets, by their style, lead us to agree with M. Fouquier, who speaks of this brickwork being as late as the days of Henri IV (1589-1610). He certainly calls attention to the "appareil en briques rouges et noires au dessin losangé" at Carouge in Normandy. But it is accompanied by Renaissance detail, and even the plain walled and machicolated



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7.—THE CASTLE NESTLING IN ITS VALLEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

portions do not seem to date before Louis XI (1461-82), under whom much Touraine brickwork—such as Plessis les Tours and Le Moulin—was erected.

In his list from M. Fouquier, Mr. Floyer even includes Auffay in Normandy. It certainly is a remarkable example of bandings, dtapers and lozenges in various coloured brick associated with stone. But it bears the dates 1442 and 1553. The more elaborate brickwork may be no earlier than the latter date, while the former is probably the initial year of building, as we gather not only by the style, but by M. Fouquier's attribution of the beginnings of the château to the reign of Charles VII. Although he succeeded in 1422, there was no likelihood at that time, when Normandy was the scene of constant warfare between the English and French, of anyone starting to create a fine country seat. Diapering, therefore, does not appear to have been seriously practised, anyhow in mid and northern France, until well on in the fifteenth century, when also it was beginning to develop in England, as we may see from Bishop Morton's Hatfield Palace, dating from about 1482, and from Bishop Fox's Farnham Castle, built a score of years later. The Agincourt heroes used it feebly, if at all. Here and there it appears in

of the Thames. Mr. Lloyd has chronologically scheduled the known examples of surviving English brickwork previous to Tudor times. They are not very numerous and the only two southern ones are Kentish of the thirteenth century. At Allington Castle on the Medway there is a brick vault of that time. At Salmestone Grange, near Margate, Mr. Lloyd describes some "brickwork and flint rubble" of like date, and adds that "the bricks are of Flemish dimensions, muddy yellow colour—some pale pink." Margate and the Medway both were handy for importation, and yet brick, foreign or home made, appears to have been very rarely used even in Kent in Sir Roger Fienes' time, while in Sussex he may well be classed as its introducer. In the absence of such accounts as have shed so much light on the building of Tattershall, we cannot say whence came the Herstmonceux bricks or who were their makers, unless an entry in the Patent Rolls on October 11th, 1439, sheds any light. Among those foreigners who, having taken the oath of fealty, then have permits to inhabit the realm peaceably is "John Stase, born in Mekhelyn in Flanders and settled at Herstmonceux." At any rate, the enormous quantity used suggests the establishment of brick



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8.—TREES AND BRACKEN OF THE OLD CHASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rather patternless fashion at Tattershall, but there is no set arrangement of burnt ends at either Caister or Faulkbourne.

At Herstmonceux, although in his *English Brickwork* Mr. Lloyd tells us it does appear "in tentative fashion," yet the impression given by its wall surfaces, as here freely illustrated, is of an absence as complete as at Rambure, a French brick castle with which Roger Fienes may well have been acquainted. It is in Picardy, but close to the boundary between that province and Normandy and near the line of march followed by Henry V in 1415. A more important border castle near it was Aumale, of which André de Rambures, owner of the castle of that name, was Governor when the English captured it in 1429. Unlike the Duke of Alençon—whom Fastolf was supposed to have brought over to help him build Caister—the Sieur de Rambures was certainly a prisoner in England, and may have influenced his captors towards the use of bricks, which were almost as customary in Picardy as in Flanders, from which their adoption will have spread as it had done in our eastern counties. Thus we get back to Flanders as the real inspirer of English mediæval brick building of which Herstmonceux is so outstanding an example.

From wherever Sir Roger derived the notion for using it, it was a remarkable departure on his part. We have no important brick building earlier than Herstmonceux lying south

works near by, very likely manned by Flemings, like those of Lord Cromwell near Tattershall. That they came across the Channel from Picardy is far less likely.

Whether the site that Sir Roger chose for the castle was that of the "capital message" of his forefathers, I have not found established. The very considerable moated area that was needed will certainly have called for a reconstitution of the water defences. The lowland through which the streamlet meandered had a dam set across it. The earth for this and for raising the level of the site will have been obtained by digging out an ample channel enclosing a square island of size to take the building. Thus the position stretches across the middle of the little valley, with shelter to north, east and west, but open to the south across the level to Pevensy and the sea. Beachy Head rises in the distance to the right, while far away to the left runs the ridge that ends with the Hastings cliff.

Much as cultivation has gradually absorbed the forest acres, there is still a "hurst" feeling about the view when one stands on the bracken slope to the south-east (Fig. 7) and sees the great square of the towered building rising up from its hollow from the encompassing trees and with woods framing a gap in the opposite slope which takes the eye out to the distant hills (Fig. 6).

A Fienes heiress carried the estate and the Dacre barony to the Lennards of Chevening, and her husband, Sampson Lennard, in Queen Elizabeth's time, effected various alterations—such as adding a noble staircase—in order to bring the house into line with the ideas of his day. So also did his descendant Thomas, fifteenth Baron Dacre, who wedded one of Charles II's bastard daughters and was given the Sussex earldom. He was an extravagant man, whose expensiveness obliged him to sell Herstmonceux, but not until he had sash-windowed and redecored the fine rooms that occupied the north-east section of the castle.

Bought by a Naylor and passing to a Hare, it was disroofed and gutted in 1777, some of the material and fittings being re-used for a house, on the west side of the park, which became the family house of the Hares. The Rev. Edward Venables' account of Herstmonceux and its lords was published in "Sussex Archaeological Collections" in 1851, and, describing the condition of the ruins, it tells us that:

Less than seventy years ago Herstmonceux Castle displayed one of the most perfect and interesting examples of our domestic architecture. Built at a time when, though the means of defence were not neglected, greater consideration was paid to the comfort of the inhabitants, it formed a most important link between the fortified castle and the palatial manor-house; partaking alike of the characteristic features of each, but perfectly corresponding with neither type, it occupied a position of great architectural importance, which no existing building adequately fills up. But bitter as must be our regret at the destruction of so noble and remarkable a building, we may feel thankful that it was not total. The outside walls remain almost complete, and have suffered but little except in the loss of some portions of the battlement, so that we are able to form nearly as good an idea of the external aspect of the Castle as if we had seen it before the hand of the spoiler was laid upon it.

There followed another seventy years of decay and neglect, and then the castle once more became habitable. It was purchased by Colonel Claude Lowther, who repaired the south front (Fig. 3), preserving and, where necessary, renovating its original features with the utmost care. But essential parts of the building had become ruins, and in the internal disposition of such portions as he re-roofed and in such building up as he did among the ruins of the interior courts, he gave himself a free hand. His new hall is a departure from the fifteenth century disposition and, while in keeping with the general style of the period, is not on the site of the old

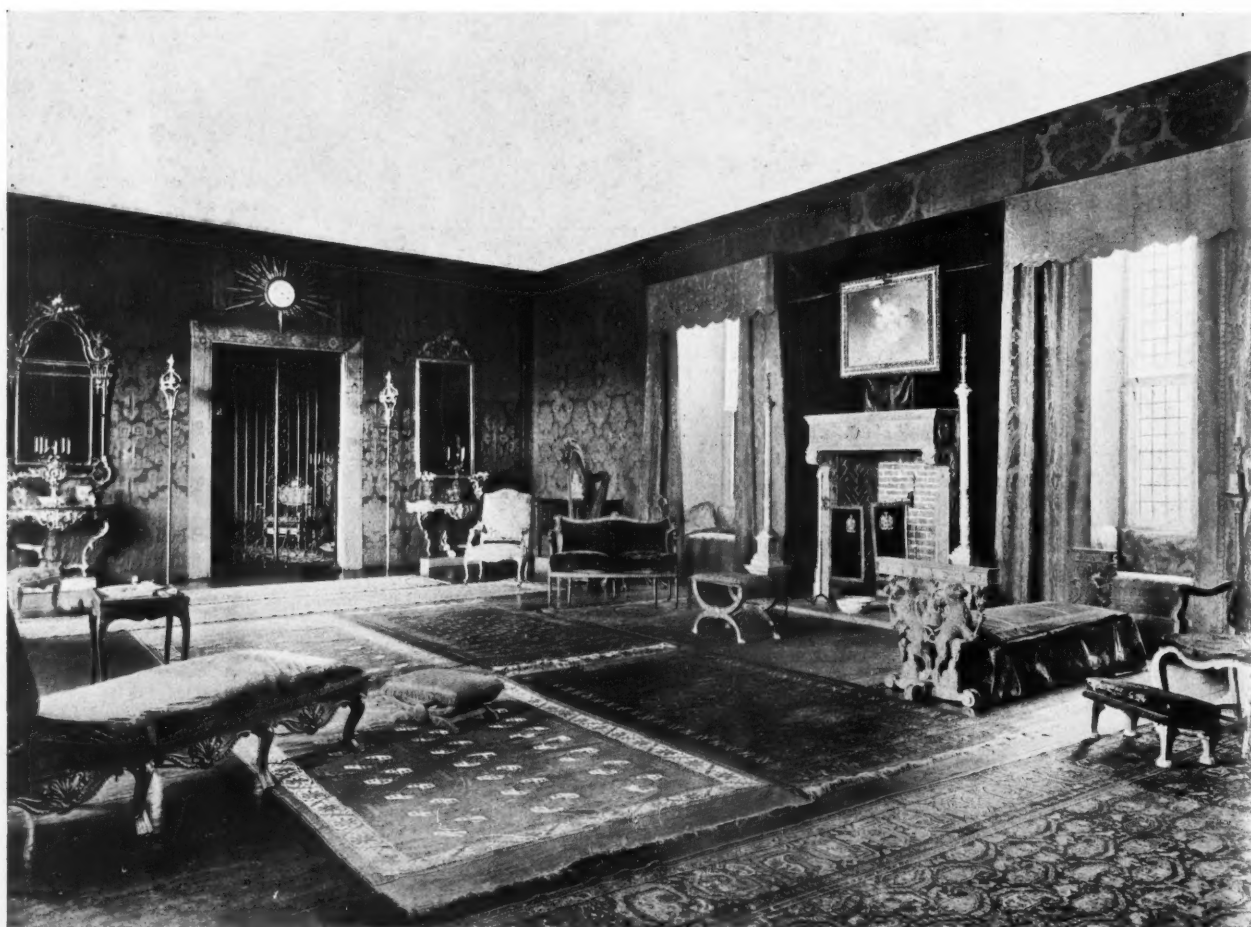
one—which, of course, followed the normal late mediæval house plan—but occupies part of the west side. All he has done is felicitous in contriving a picturesque habitation in which modern tastes temper archaeological exactitude. But it lessens the antiquarian value of Herstmonceux as a typical example of a great seat of Late Plantagenet times. As that, alone, is our present theme, we will limit our consideration to those parts that are still much as Sir Roger Fienes created them.

In the absence of great tower or donjon, the gate-house was made the prominent feature (Fig. 1). Its mass breaks forward and its height dominates the 206ft. long front. Whoever made the bricks knew his job. Five centuries of exposure have caused no disintegration. But neglect and ivy produced a dislocation of the upper portions, so that Colonel Lowther most commendably took down all that was unsafe and built it up again, each brick in its original position. Thus, not only the original appearance but even the patina of time have been retained. The corner turrets project boldly, and, as Mr. Venables tells us—

are octagonal for above the first fifty feet of their height, and batter or gradually decrease in diameter; but when they rise clear of the side walls they are corbelled out, and become cylindrical: an embattled and machicolated cornice, constructed with great boldness and ingenuity, surmounts the turrets, and is continued along the front of the tower between them. The whole height of the gateway, eighty feet, is completed by the slender watch-towers, springing from within the machicolated gallery . . .

The portal and the large two-light and transomed window above it (Fig. 2) are recessed within a high arch into which the drawbridge fitted when raised. The slits to receive its levers appear on the sides of the window. The drawbridge, therefore, afforded some protection to this window, while the two equally large ones above will have been considered above the danger zone—danger arising from marauding bands such as were not infrequent during the Wars of the Roses. Resistance to large and organised attack can hardly have been contemplated, although the cross-bow slits and gun *œillets* that are freely spread over the surface of the corner turrets give a full martial impression.

Unlike Caister and Faulkbourne, the Herstmonceux machicolations are supported not by brick, but by stone corbels, and the same material was freely used for all details, which



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9.—THE LADIES' BOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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10.—THE STATE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Venables thought were "worked in the green stone from the shore at Eastbourne."

The other windows on this side, as well as on the east elevation, were probably of single light and small size until the time of Sampson Lennard's Elizabethan alterations and those of the Earl of Sussex in Late Stuart times. As at Bodiam, an exception to the original fenestral reticence on the outer walls was made for the chapel. Here were three two-light transomed windows fitted with stained glass, which failed to gain the approval of Horace Walpole, who speaks of "long lean saints ill done." The great double transomed semi-circular bay of the "ladies' Bower," an upstairs room on the east side, seen in Fig. 6, is a leading example of Sampson Lennard's work, while the various gaps in the northern end of this side were once filled with the Earl of Sussex's sashes.

It was not only for its amplitude and finely designed elevation that Herstmonceux was remarkable. It was the most thoughtful and convenient example of late mediæval planning. The cloisters of its main court and other ground-floor covered ways were an exceptional amenity. Still more so was the very complete system of galleries, closed in, but well lit, that gave separate access to most of the first-floor rooms—a system that we certainly cannot set down as derived by Sir Roger from France, where corridors, even more than in England, were ignored until recent times.

Another noticeable point at Herstmonceux is the very large space that had to be

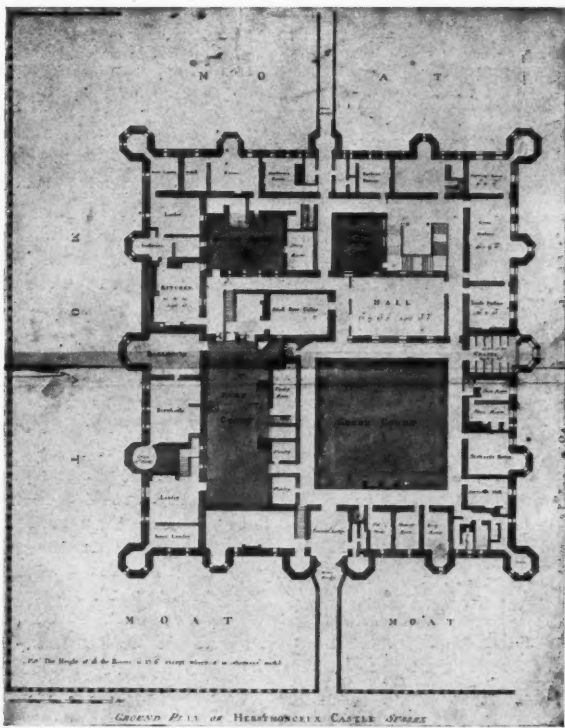
given in such a dwelling to the material needs of a self-supporting household. Although the plans we have belong to a time subsequent to the alterations of the Lennard owners, yet they still show that, on the ground floor, four-fifths, and upstairs one-half of the entire accommodation was needed for the work and lodging of servants and retainers. The great hall and half the east side were all that the family could use for private and entertainment rooms belowstair. The administration department under the steward used the

rest of that side and all of the south side up to the gate-house. Beyond that, the large guard-room was an interlude before reaching the great variety of offices that clustered round the pump, chicken and butler's courts. Those were not days when the neighbouring shop or the big store's delivery van daily met the requirements of a big household. That of Sir Roger Fiennes was self-supporting. It had to till the land, to guard lives and property, to carry on a dozen crafts, and to produce nine-tenths of the needed meats and drinks. For all this due provision was made within his vast battlemented rectangle.

The story of the abandonment and partial re-edification of Herstmonceux was related by Sir Martin Conway in *COUNTRY LIFE* ten years ago.

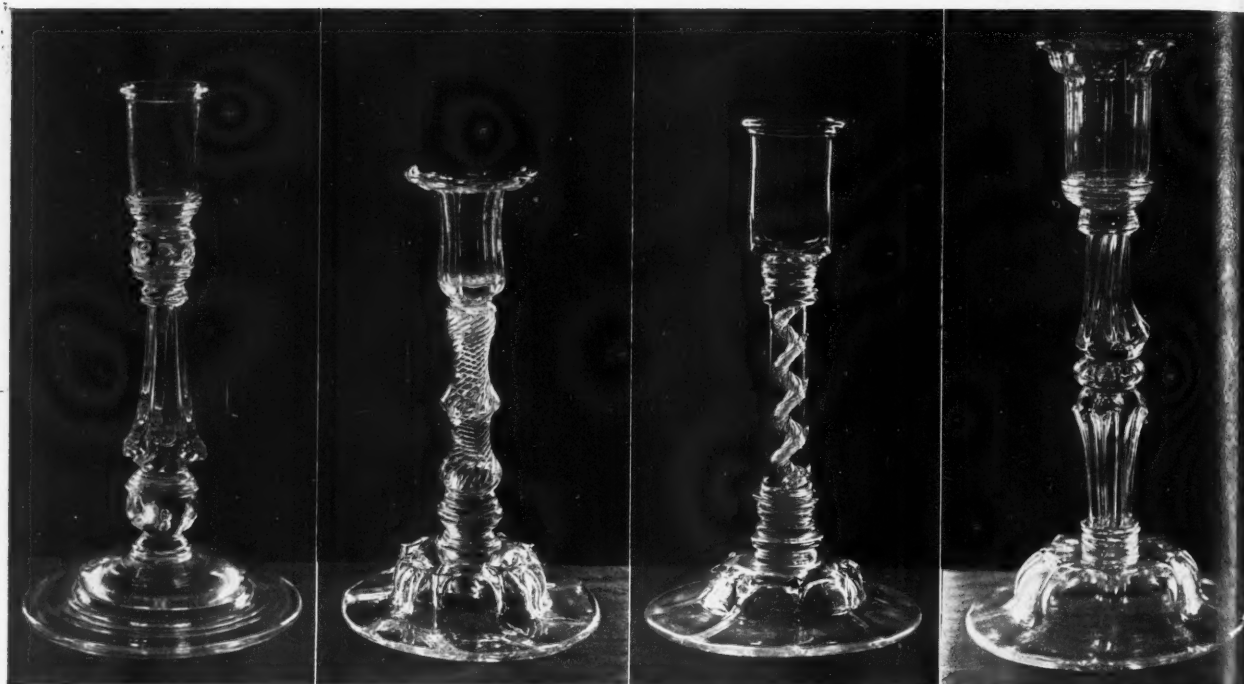
It is interesting to note that Col. Lowther is, on his mother's side, connected with the castle's building, being descended from Margaret of Blessed Memory, daughter of Edward III., through the de la Poers and, later, the Irish Barringtons.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



11.—ORIGINAL GROUND PLAN.

OLD GLASS CANDLESTICKS.—II



(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

1.—CANDLESTICKS OF THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the April 6th issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* some account was given of old glass lamps and candlesticks illustrated from the Hamilton Clements collection. But space permitted only the earlier varieties of candlesticks from this famous collection to be illustrated. It is now proposed to take up the story of the glass candlestick and to trace its further artistic development.

Glass candlesticks, with their tall standards or stems, belong to the same class of vessels as drinking glasses. Their development is accordingly bound to be very similar to that of wine glasses, especially in the matter of stem decoration. But we shall never understand the reason for the peculiar development in England of glass stems unless we ever bear in mind two factors in the situation. The rather sudden changes in fashionable taste, which happened more than once in the eighteenth century and affected all the art-crafts in the country, and also the very peculiar taxation of English glass, commenced in 1746 and heavily increased from 1777 onwards.

The rococo period of English silverware (1725-55) was at least an indication of a widespread craving for highly wrought artistic decoration. And this general taste for elaborately decorated table ware seems to have brought into fashion our highly wrought glass stems, or at least to have provided the motive for producing them in England. And so, not long after 1725, we should expect the stems of our glasses to become elaborate and complex, as compared with the simple, shapely

stems of the early eighteenth century. The rococo period was brought to a rather sudden close by the craze for classical fashions in art, which set in about 1755, became predominant by 1770, and con-

tinued on into the nineteenth century. The effect of this change in taste was eventually to give the glass stem a pillar-like form, and finally to banish the glass candlestick almost altogether in favour of the "girandole," a cut-glass candlestick of pillar shape draped with classical festoons of lustres.

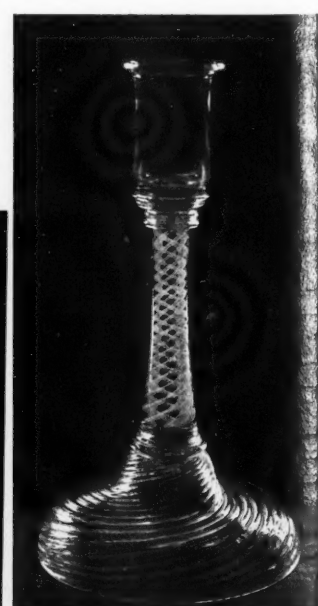
The effect from 1746 of taxing English glass, according to its weight alone and not according to its value, was practically to compel the glassman to provide highly wrought glasses, where the value consisted almost entirely in the fancy decoration. Thus there are two reasons why we should find glass candlesticks between 1745 and 1770 highly and elaborately decorated. The candlestick stem was in this period generally decorated in one of three ways, well known to us now from the study of drinking glasses: The insertion of air beads, which were developed sooner or later into an "air-twist" or internal spiral of air lines inside the stem; the insertion of bands of opaque enamel glass twisted spirally inside the stem; and last, but not least or latest, the external cutting of the stem on the wheel. The cutting of table glass in England can be traced back to 1719, and it is stated to have been "greatly in vogue" in London in 1747; after 1770 it was almost the only type of decoration employed. The air-twisted stem was probably in fashion from about 1735 to 1760, the opaque-twisted stem from about 1747 to 1777. Cut-glass candlesticks were advertised frequently from 1742 onwards; their great rival, the cut-glass girandole, appeared about 1768. A pair of enamelled glass candlesticks were stolen from Messrs. Cross and Berrow, glass-makers of Bristol, in 1757 (*Bristol Journal*, December 10th, 1757). "Wormed glasses" was always the trade name for glasses with air-twisted stems, and in a glass bill of 1755 occurs



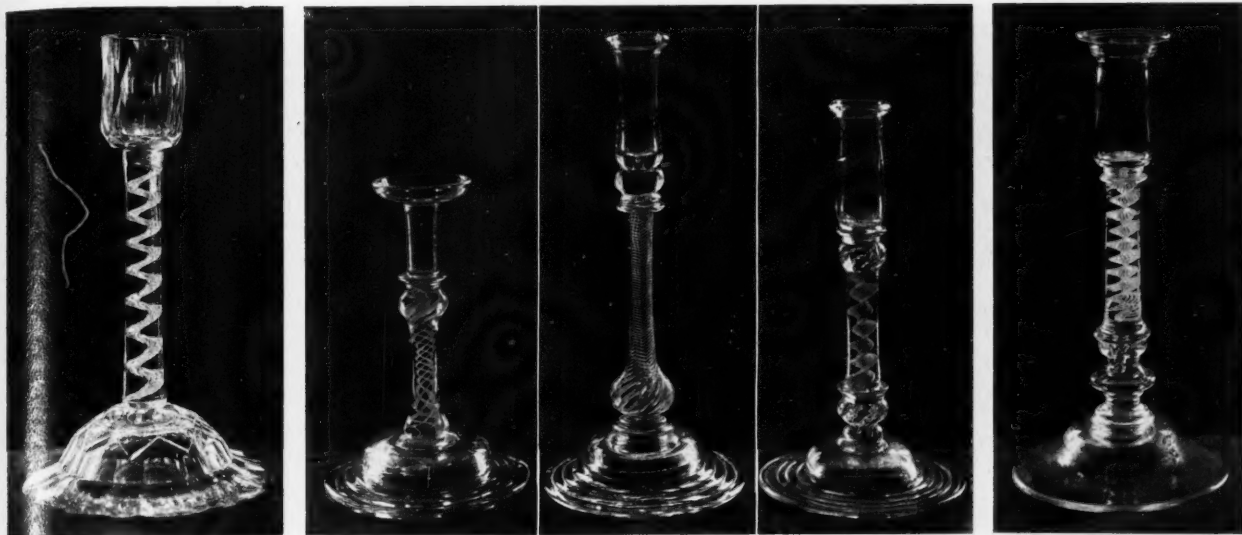
2.—(a) RARE INCISED STEM AND DOMED FOOT.



(b) COMBINED CANDLESTICKS AND SWEET-MEAT DISHES.



(c) OPAQUE-TWISTED STEM.



3.—(a) CANDLESTICK, 1750.

(b, c, d) THREE TAPERSTICKS.

(e) CANDLESTICK, 1780.

the quaint expression "wormed curs," which may mean air-twisted candlesticks ("cur-en-ciege" being an old name for a special kind of candle, *Public Advertiser*, November 28th, 1765).

From this rather arid discussion of the why and wherefore of our peculiar English glass decoration we can turn with real pleasure and relief to the beautiful examples of "wrought" glass candlesticks in the Hamilton Clements collection.

Fig. 1.—(a) A fine candlestick showing the complicated decoration in fashion about the middle of the eighteenth century. The stem is of the Silesian pediment type (inverted), with knobs above and below containing clusters of air beads. Though introduced in the reign of George I, the air beads had a long life. The nozzle is plain and folded over at the edge, the foot domed and ridged (9½ins.). (b) One of a pair of beautiful candlesticks with the knopped air-twisted stems which are known to have been in fashion about 1750. Both nozzle and foot are pressed into vertical ridges. The top of the nozzle is expanded into a sort of saucer or scone to catch the drip from the candle, a feature seldom seen in the earlier candlesticks (7½ins.). (c) A candlestick with an air-twisted stem of a later type containing the "multiple" or "corkscrew" spiral that appeared generally after 1750. A similar foot to the last (8½ins.). (d) A specimen with unusual unity of design. With the exception of a small knob of air beads in the middle of the stem, the entire decoration has been done by pressing the glass into vertical ridges (10ins.).

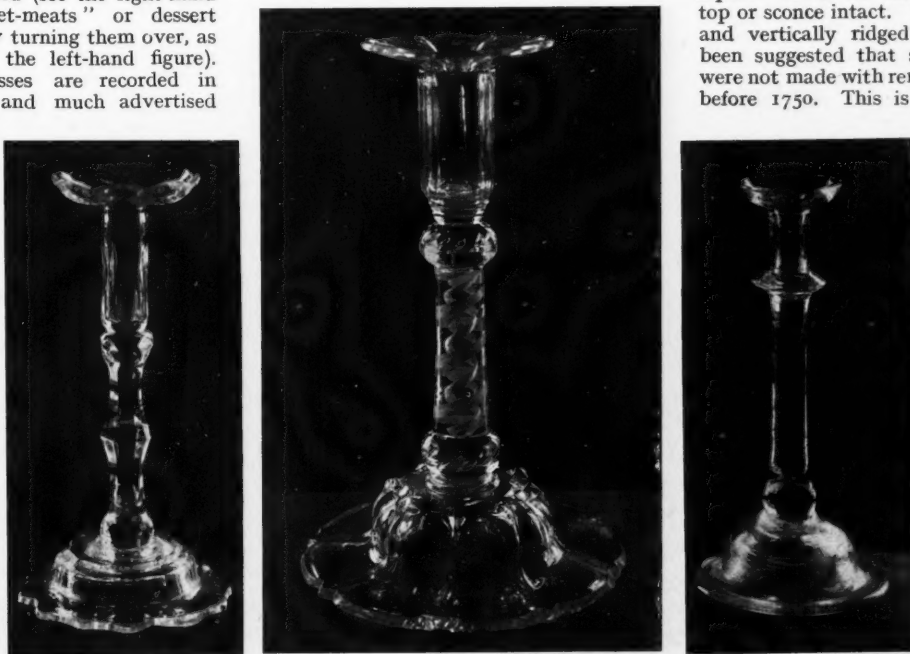
Fig. 2.—(a) A very rare kind of candlestick with an incised or "ribbed-twisted" baluster stem. The spiral ribbing of the stem is on the outside, a method of decoration introduced by the Venetians and copied by the English glassmakers in the late seventeenth century. These incised stems are known to have been made as late as 1749. The foot is of the inverted saucer shape and diamond-moulded ("nipt diamond-ways," as they called it in the old days) (10½ins.). (b) A pair of rare and interesting cut glasses. They served two distinct purposes.

They could be used (see the right-hand figure) as "sweet-meats" or dessert glasses, or else, by turning them over, as candlesticks (see the left-hand figure). Cut dessert glasses are recorded in 1722 and 1728, and much advertised from 1735 onwards. And the fashion of making an expensive cut glass serve a double purpose belongs rather to the first half of the century than to the second, when cut glass was neither so curious nor so costly (7ins.). (c) The candlestick here has an opaque-twisted stem and a spirally ribbed or incised foot of the inverted saucer shape. This type of opaque spiral was much used in the Bristol glasshouses

about 1755-60. The fault of most British opaque-twisted stems is their extreme rigidity of outline; it is pleasing, therefore, to see here how the glassmaker has succeeded in making the stem taper from top to base (9½ins.).

Fig. 3.—Three of the candlesticks in this figure illustrate types of the "tea-candlestick," which was much advertised in the newspapers about 1770. To-day we should describe them as "tapers" or "tapersticks." (b) Candlestick with knopped opaque-twisted stem and domed, ridged foot. The early type of opaque spiral and the knobs place this glass not far from 1750 (4½ins.). (c) A beautiful glass with air-twisted stem of the true baluster shape. Even wine glasses with this kind of air-twisted stem are exceedingly rare. Domed and ridged foot (7½ins.). c. 1750. (d) Probably one of the earliest of the opaque-twisted candlesticks, which may be even slightly before 1750. The single broad tape-like spiral is quite the most primitive type of opaque spiral; it even occurs in wine glasses with the folded foot. The two knobs with air beads are also an early feature. Domed and ridged foot (6ins.). (a) A pleasing combination of air-twisting and cutting—always rare. The nozzle is "diamond cut," the domed foot "sliced" and scalloped. Perhaps the nozzle had originally a removable cut top or scone. The air spiral, of the multiple type, dates about 1755 (8½ins.). (e) One of a pair of opaque-twisted candlesticks. The opaque spiral is of early type, being next in order of development to the simple tape spiral shown in (c). The knobs at the base would afford a good finger grip; they are there simply to comply with the conventional notion of a knopped candlestick. Domed foot (8ins.). Fig. 4.—(a) A cut candlestick with knopped stem. The nozzle is expanded at the top and the domed foot has a scalloped edge. A beautiful example about 1760 (6½ins.). (b) Another fine opaque-twisted candlestick with beaded knobs at the top and bottom of the stem. The type is about 1755, when the opaque spiral was still not much developed. Here we have the removable top or scone intact. The foot is domed and vertically ridged (10ins.). It has been suggested that silver candlesticks were not made with removable tops much before 1750. This is a mistake; they

are advertised in the seventeenth century, though, perhaps, not very common then. (c) A rare candlestick with plain stem. It was simply not worth while to make these plain, simple candlesticks after 1745, because of the glass tax, so this specimen probably dates rather earlier than that. High domed foot (6ins.). Fig. 5.—One of a pair of magnificent cut candlesticks, very expensive in their own day, very scarce



(a)

(b)

(c)

4.—CANDLESTICKS, 1730-1760.



5.—FACETED STEM AND
DOMED FOOT.



6.—DOUBLE CHAMBER
CANDLESTICK.



7.—CORINTHIAN COLUMN
STEM.

to-day. Possibly an example of the "fine cut candlesticks" advertised in London about 1766. The severe pillar shape suggests the classical influence, and they may be slightly later than 1766. The domed foot, beautifully sliced and scalloped, is still retained (14½ ins.). Fig. 6.—A double chamber-candlestick, a competitor (probably before 1730) of the chamber lamp. Being an article of plain glass for ordinary household use, the glass chamber-candlestick has become

rare indeed to-day (2¼ ins.). We close the series with one of a fine pair of candlesticks (Fig. 7) in the true classical style, with pressed and ridged stems. The Corinthian columns remind us of many silver and plated candlesticks of the period 1770-1800 (11 ins.). The further development of the glass candle-holder lay henceforward with the ornamental girandole.

FRANCIS BUCKLEY.

FROM THE MAGIC CARPET

AN AEROPLANE VIEW OF THE WORLD.

CONFIDENCE is as essential for the enjoyment of air travel as it is for the enjoyment of almost everything else in the world. Sir Philip Sassoon's new book will instil confidence into those people who still hesitate to take to the air. It emphasises the comfort and security of air travel, and in so doing it achieves its author's avowed object of popularising flying. But it also does much more. It enables us to look from a new angle upon the historied lands traversed by the third route and to see with new eyes Naples "floating in her sequined sea," Athens, Cairo, Bagdad and the gorgeous East. The third route which gives the book its name is the air route to the East.

The first route was that followed by Vasco da Gama in 1497 when he sailed round the southernmost point of Africa and brought the western European nations for the first time into direct communication with India and the East, and the second was the Suez Canal route of 1869. Last year Sir Philip Sassoon, in the course of his duties as Under Secretary of State for Air, flew over the third route on a tour of inspection of Royal Air Force stations.

This volume is a result of that tour. In it he strings together on a thread of delicious, sophisticated humour descriptions of the places he visited, of native customs, of the work of the Air Force on the North-West Frontier



KHARTOUM, SHOWING THE "UNION JACK" ARRANGEMENT OF THE STREETS.

and of his experiences in the aircraft which carried him on his 17,000 miles journey. He is the perfect aerial guide. Indeed, he is the first who is able adequately to render what he has seen in words: to paint the picture of a sunlit city, hundreds of feet below, moving towards the air pilot. He can suggest the emotions of flight in a sentence so that everyone who has flown must recognise its authenticity: "we spun along as though cupped between two azure cymbals, resplendent with sound." From his three-engined flying boat he watches with sympathetic eyes the story of ancient Greece unfolding itself beneath him: "On our right rose in rugged peaks the mountains of Achaia, which sheltered the twelve towns and bred the warlike race that lent its name to all the peoples of Greece. On our left lay Delphi, set like a jewel in the crescent of the hills, with the heights of Parnassus and Helicon beyond. Everything breathed the spirit of classical romance and was bathed in the most exquisite light; the sea as blue as a gentian and clear as a diamond; the hillsides green with pines or grey with olives, their lower slopes terraced with vineyards." There follows a dash of the salt of humour. "How swift and many-coloured my journey had already become! In the whole of it I had had but one serious disappointment. At breakfast at Athens I had looked confidently for honey from Hymettus, and they had brought me Keillers' marmalade."

With his comments on the subject of airships I am afraid many authorities will disagree. He says, for example, that the airship "is destined to be in the near future a most important factor in the development of the Empire's air communications." In fact many of those with technical knowledge regard the two 5,000,000 cubic ft. airships now being built in this country as hardly more than doubtful experiments. The disastrous past history of large rigid airships, and the experiences of the Graf Zeppelin on her recent Atlantic flight, do not tend to support Sir Philip's view. The large, well tried flying boat is more likely to prove the future vehicle of Empire air communications than the airship. But, fortunately, Sir Philip does not press his advocacy of airships. He is content to describe his flight, and this he does so well that *The Third Route* (Heinemanns) must be regarded as the best book which the new mode of travel has yet inspired.

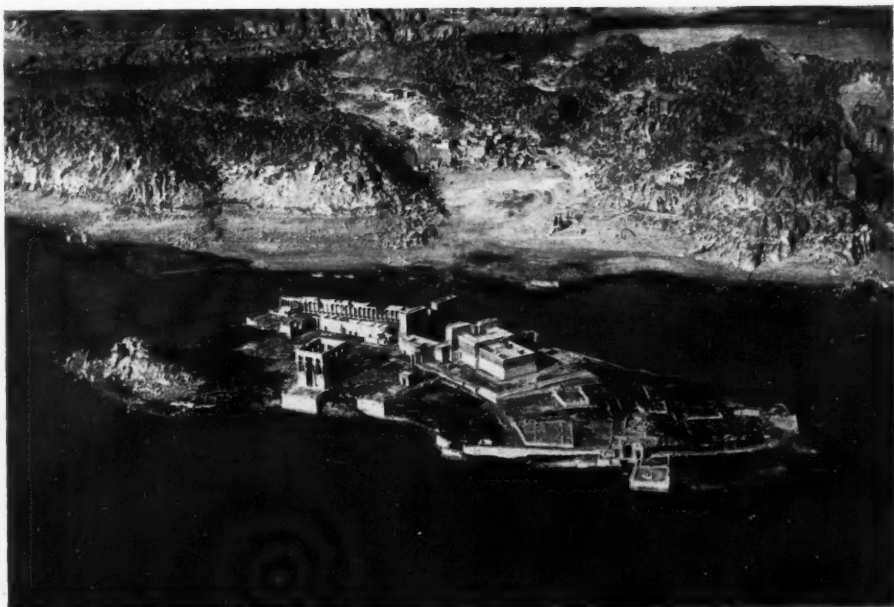
ICARUS.



VALETTA.



CTESIPHON.



PHILÆ

THE DIARY OF A MIDLAND FARMER—APRIL



"PIGS HAVE BEEN ROSES ALL THE WAY."

THE farmer is always an optimist. No fair-minded person, seeing the farmers "living on their losses," could possibly deny *that*. The fact that all farmers believe, in their hearts, in a prosperous to-morrow does not prevent such level-headed men from knowing, in their level heads, that to-morrow "never comes." But look at us all, this April, and see how ready we are to admit it when to-morrow seems to be coming. Only last month we were freely allowing that it was not inconceivable that the pig-trade might continue its long looked-for improvement; and now, at the end of April, we will tell you, quite openly, that pigs have been roses all the way. Prices have been maintained, the farrowing records have been good. Here, of four litters weaned during the month (from Middle White sows by a Tamworth boar), the numbers have been respectively thirteen, eleven, ten and nine pigs each. And if we end the month on a note of praise the pigs, there has been more than bacon to feed our optimism. The ante-dating of rating relief on agricultural land is an extremely welcome windfall. The part rationing of the Army and the Navy on home-killed supplies gives a prospect of a considerably improved market for home-fed meat.

We have hope in the future: but that is not to say that we have no grievances of to-day. The weather of April continued to be fine, in the sense that the lamentable lack of rain persisted. Such "fine" weather is ideal at hay and corn harvest: it is not so acceptable when crops should be making early growth; and when fine weather is combined with cold winds and frosty nights, the damage done is the more severe—as has been clearly shown in this month of April now past. March-sown cereals came away in a manner quite up to normal but, by the end of April, frost-tipping was general and some of the wheat fields were still further thinned. That is a serious matter. The productivity of a crop is to a great extent dependent upon there being a large number of plants to the acre.

But weather which has hindered growth has at least helped on the preparation of seed-beds for roots, and the tilths generally are good. Hereabouts we are believers in roots as a crop and as feeding stuff; and we aim at variety, giving a wide interpretation to the crops which we place in a root category. Forage is what we are out for, and our object is to secure a rotation of food so that the dairy herd may never be short at any season. With all this in view, we have drilled two acres of silage mixture, five and a half acres of mangolds and an acre of marrow-stemmed kale—also two acres of cabbage. The drilling of cabbage is a new experiment with us. The usual custom is to grow the plants in a seed bed and then transplant: but this method of drilling in the field and thinning out subsequently is coming into vogue in Scotland. It will be interesting to see if the innovation is successful here in the Midlands. As to crops generally, another of our local changes has been to increase the area under potatoes. The chances are that last year's

bumper crops will not be repeated, and that the quantities in demand will be at least as great. But when all is said our increased potato-acreage must remain a gamble—such as the farmer is compelled to make every year.

It will easily be realised that the feeding of the dairy herd has required a lot of "scheming"—more especially as the herd has been augmented during the month by the purchase of fourteen shorthorns, bought at Westmorland dispersal sales and at prices a good deal higher than the fodder-scarcity might have led one to expect. There is something very likeable in a good shorthorn, although, from the purely milk-producing standpoint, there are more productive breeds. A friend has fourteen Friesians which are yielding 70 gallons of milk between them daily—whereas we are only getting about 75 gallons from our twenty-eight shorthorns. But Friesians are not a good breed to keep where the milk is sold, as here, in bottles. Appearance of milk in bottles counts for much, and customers are greatly impressed by the good cream line and rich colour of the shorthorn milk. This increase in the herd resulted in the exhaustion of our supplies of hay and straw before the end of April, and it then became necessary to make what use we could of the grass. We have established a modification of the new system of manuring grasslands—involving an application of nitrogen to pastures at the end of February (or beginning of March) to ensure an early bite of grass. The combined drought and cold weather of this season has been particularly unfavourable to the success of this plan. It would normally have been possible to stock these treated pastures in April, but such growth as we did obtain by this process was certainly not sufficient to justify stocking. The grass has accordingly been saved for next month's requirements, and some rough old pastures have been grazed down, instead—much, incidentally, to their benefit. Close grazing is an essential part of the cure of poor and neglected grassland, and the (well-disguised) blessings of these past months will fall upon such pastures, if anywhere.

But, fortunately, April has been, in some respects, not too bad a month. With a grim humour—and also because it was a Bank Holiday and the men had a day off—we chose the first of April for our yearly stocktaking. There were, too, more solid reasons for choosing that date. In this part of the country a Lady Day entry to farms is the common custom. New Lady Day is March 25th and old Lady Day is April 6th, but, for all practical purposes, the 1st of April is taken locally as the first day of our financial year. It is, incidentally, a muddled feature of agricultural methods that the date of entry (which is Lady Day for Lincolnshire and the greater part of Yorkshire, as well as for the Midlands) should vary throughout the country as a whole. This "date of entry" can have, for example, a very considerable bearing on the amount of capital, or, rather, of immediate cash, required by an incoming tenant or owner. Thus, on a grass farm, a Lady Day entry means that a minimum number of cultivations will have to be paid for,

and that advantage can be taken of natural pasturage for stock-feeding purposes. On a farm which is partly arable the matter is rather more complicated, but in our area of the Midlands the outgoing tenant does all necessary work for the incoming tenant, and is paid for this by valuation. However, in our case there was no question of incoming or outgoing on this first of April: there was only the all-shattering question of the financial position at the end of the year—with its consequent necessity for a

complete and careful stocktaking and the valuation of all stock, live and dead.

And on the whole—now that we have got the figures—we may say that the past financial year makes a reasonably good showing. Indeed, the accounts of the past twelve months make more pleasant reading than has been the case for some years. If only the pig trade will maintain its present—But you have heard enough about pigs, for the moment.

AT THE THEATRE

A KNOTTY POINT—WITH EXAMPLES

ONE of the difficulties of the dramatic critic is to realise that he and the public go to the theatre in two entirely different moods. To the non-professional playgoer anything that happens behind footlights is entertaining, intriguing and enthralling solely by virtue of those footlights. If the play is logical and well constructed, so much the better. But those qualities are not essential to the normal playgoer. They are, as it were, thrown in. For the critic the boot is on the other leg. He has had enough of the average theatre orchestra and is more tired of its members than they are of those dances from "Henry VIII" to which they must raise the curtain. He regards with utter weariness the young woman with the monstrous headgear who invariably ushers him into the wrong seat. He is tired of the applause which greets the leading man and of his disarming modesty, and, perhaps, still more tired of the leading lady whose unawareness that she is being acclaimed prolongs the applause for several minutes more. He is sick to death of the juvenile lead's pig-headedness and the *ingenue's* woolliness of mind which combine to render any coming together impossible until a quarter to eleven. His sensations on listening to those last fifteen interminable and totally unnecessary elucidatory minutes amount to nausea. No polite words that I can muster explain what the critic feels on being asked in the cloak-room and in the middle of a howling, seething mob "what he thinks of it." Nothing, finally, can give the full measure of that despair that to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow to the last syllable of his career as a critic he must go on experiencing the same kind of thing and seeing more or less the same kind of play. In other words, there is no fun for the critic in merely going to the theatre; his interest is concentrated on the play. Whereas for the average playgoer the play is merely an incident in the evening's entertainment. The housemaid from time immemorial has had her "evening out." Is it to be imagined that how she fills that evening is of any importance compared with the fact that it is the evening on which she is "out"? So the playgoer, for whom the great point is not the play he sees, but the fact that he is spending an evening at the play. These considerations will enable the reader to realise how it is that plays in which the critic does not find virtue succeed in pleasing the general public. Members of the general public never talk about Life with a capital L. The city clerk who has seven minutes in which to swallow his eggs and bacon, scald himself with coffee, embrace his wife and catch his morning train, has really no time to hold that "Life is a Wave in the Ocean of Eternity." Or at least, swallowing his last piece of toast, he has no time to put that vast thought into words. But sitting in a theatre he likes to think he is the sort of chap to whom, when his fellows are struggling with the marmalade, this kind of thought occurs. He likes to think, too, of the kind of wild sacrifices which, if he were put to it, he would be only too delighted to make, and which, whether they are put to it or not, all sorts of desirable women are in secret tumbling over themselves and one another to achieve for him. I saw a play recently in which a young Scotsman threw over the entire principles of Scotch morality and his career to win the favour of a wanton who had fainted on his doorstep. Later the wanton gave up £4,000 a year for the satisfaction of his rugged arms, and some time later died of milk fever. All this appeared to me to plumb unsuspected depths of silliness. But eminent lawyers, famous surgeons and stockbrokers whose names are household words left the theatre where this play was exhibited "holding their pocket-handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes." A day or two later I saw another play in which a young lady, passionately desiring to get married, decided to await the verdict of the Coroner's jury concerning her rector's wife. I gathered that if the poor lady was found to have committed suicide the young woman would for some obscure reason consider herself justified

in getting married. But that if the verdict was Accidental Death, she must look forward to a life of endless chastity. To me as a mere male these original deliberations seemed incomprehensible if not lunatic. Or shall I say that they merely appeared impracticable? Yet I gathered that to gentler and possibly less experienced minds they were obviously, even lamently, a part of ultimate wisdom. I spent a few subsequent evenings watching plays in which a young man threw over his heart's idol because her grandmother was an obstinate old woman. And other foolishnesses. In none of these plays could I, personally, believe for a moment.

Now, I am not so foolish as to believe that my mentality and sense of logic, actuality, probability or what not are superior to those of the normal playgoer. Not only every good but even every tolerable dramatic critic must be one with his kind. The reason that the plays to which I have referred did not appeal to me but have appealed to a large number of informal playgoers is that in each I was looking for something which was inessential to the enjoyment of people who only go to the theatre once a month or so. I believe that good acting by fine artists obscures for the average playgoer the material which it adorns. But to any professional critic good acting is an expected delight. He takes it all for granted and instinctively looks to see what all the good acting is about, whereas the average playgoer is inclined to take the acting as the be-all and end-all of the evening's entertainment. For example, I cannot help protesting that milk-fever is not the inescapable consequence of giving up an income of £4,000 a year. But to the average playgoer such a relinquishment is in itself a staggering and startling thing, just as the last dying smile of Miss Mary Newcomb in itself and without any other reference contains all poignancy. Add the two together and from the ordinary playgoer's point of view "The Infinite Shoeblack" becomes "a good play," in the same way that the student who has had to write an essay upon Chinese Metaphysics solved the matter triumphantly by looking up the articles on China and metaphysics in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and combining the two. By the same process of reasoning the critic who was recently displeased with "Mariners" and "The Matriarch" would be perfectly justified in first resolving his displeasure into its component parts and then telling his readers how much they would enjoy themselves if they went to the theatre to see these plays. Let me, therefore, tell all country cousins that they should on no account miss "The Infinite Shoeblack" at the Comedy Theatre, which is enlivened by the magnanimities of Mr. Leslie Banks and Miss Mary Newcomb; "Mariners" at Wyndham's, which has the inestimable co-operation of Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Lewis Casson; and "The Matriarch" at the Royalty, which is brilliantly, even effulgently, decorated by the presence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I had a very sharp example the other night of the way in which a dramatic critic may go wrong. The play which provided this example was "The Black Ace," the theatre of my discomfiture being the Globe. This piece was all about a negro who, with the assistance of a French chemist, had turned his black skin to white. Ultimately, the romantic fellow got into difficulties with the Ku-Klux-Klan, who had got wind of the fact that either he or his nice chum from Oxford was really a member of the subservient race. Anyhow, the Klan was out for an afternoon's lynching and one of the young men was apparently "for it." So the negro, whose skin, by the way, was beginning to turn black again, gave himself up to the howling representatives of American law and order, declaring that despite his dusky hide he was white, clear white inside. Most of the audience in my vicinity tittered throughout this amazing sequence, and I wondered at one time whether the actors would be able to struggle through to the end of it. Judge, then, of my astonishment when the curtain came down to a volume of applause greater than that accorded to all the Ibsen plays I have ever seen put together. I went

home realising that drama is one thing and the satisfaction of an audience another.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL.

New Arrivals.

MARY ROSE.—*Haymarket*.

"You and your bogies and wraiths, you man of the mists."—*Simon*.

THE BLACK ACE.—*Globe*.

"There is something shiversome about it."—*Harry*.

Tried Favourites.

LADIES, PLEASE!—*Duke of York's*.

"He is a very delightful creature though he isn't a boy any more."

—*Mrs. Morland*.

LITTLE ACCIDENT.—*Apollo*.

"He is two years and nine months, and he says such beautiful things to me about loving me."—*Mary Rose*.

THAMES TROUT

THAMES trout, which from May onwards come into their own, are the aristocrats of their species, for their domain is wide, and furnished with abundant food supplies. Shoals of bleak, gudgeon and the young of many other species of fish, swarm, and so the trout grow to noble proportions, and often vie with sea trout in the brilliance of their colouring.

It is some years now since the river furnished anything remarkable in the way of a trout, the largest being, I think, between seven and eight pounds, although there are probably hundreds whose weight would reach double figures.

Considering how many big trout must have been taken out of the Thames at one time or another, there is a singular paucity of records of really heavy fish. The largest authentic rod-caught specimen would seem to be one of 16lb. 5 ozs. caught near Reading in the year 1880. A fish of 17½lb. was taken in a net at Isleworth, and again released, and there is a rather vague record of another of about the same weight being captured in 1899 near Radcot Bridge. As long ago as 1834 a twenty-two pounder is said to have been landed by General Sir Samuel Walker at Windsor and sent to King William IV. But records of so long ago are not always to be relied on.

Trout fishing in the Thames is a somewhat uncertain business, for in such a big expanse of water it is, for the stranger, rather like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack to go out lacking local knowledge or the assistance of a capable boatman. "Novices luck" may come to the rescue once, but it is not likely to do more, and the most successful anglers for Thames trout are those who persevere until they have acquired the necessary data of where and when to fish, and the requisite skill to enable them to put this information to good use.

The big fish of our premier river not only have their favourite haunts, but also regular feeding times. The knowledge of where they will be found at any particular season and about what hours they are likely to begin taking nourishment are two very important items which must first be ascertained before there is much chance of real success.

The Thames trout season begins on April 1st, but in the earlier weeks it is not possible to do much in the way of

locating the lies and feeding hours of the quarry. From about the middle of May, however, if the weather is warm, there are considerable hatches of natural flies, and, although my loads of the Thames do not bother much about such ephemeral fare as duns and spinners, these insects attract the shoals of bleak and bring them to the surface. Then when the big fish begin chasing the bleak the extent of their feeding grounds can be ascertained. Consternation and a *sauve qui peut* at once reign supreme in the ranks of the small fry, which leap and slither about the surface in their frantic efforts to escape from their pursuer, and the waves made by the latter can also be easily distinguished in fairly still water.

This is the time when there is most chance of success, and it is a thrilling moment. The punt is edged in as near as is dared, and the angler tries to get his spinning bait across the line the big fellow is taking. It needs a really skilful hand, for one is not casting haphazard into the stream, but to intercept one definite, moving target, and only if the lure falls lightly without splash in exactly the right place is success at all probable under these conditions.

For the angler who has no local knowledge or assistance there are certain places which are most likely to hold trout, and these vary at different seasons. Early in the spring most of the fish are in quiet water, as they have not fully recovered from spawning. As spring turns to summer they move up into the weir pools, particularly if the weather is hot and the river low, for in such places the water is well aerated, and contains the largest quantities of oxygen, which fish must have in order to live.

Not, of course, that weir pools are the only likely places, but they are typical of the conditions required. Any gravelly run with a fairly fast current, particularly if the banks afford shelter, is more than probably tenanted, and the tail end of an island is always worth a trial. The mouth of a tributary is a favourite lie, especially towards the end of August, when the fish are beginning to move towards the spawning places, which are nearly always in one of the many tributary streams which flow into the big river. At dusk on hot summer evenings the trout which have been lying in deep water all day move out to



C. Ponting.

QUIET REACHES OF THE THAMES.

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any quiet shallows which are not disturbed by river traffic, and, on the whole, early morning and late evening are the best times.

Of the several methods of capturing Thames trout the artificial fly is without question the least deadly and least likely to yield good results. Where there is a fair head of fish in any particular reach a silver-bodied salmon fly like a dusty miller, silver doctor or silver grey may account for a few of the smaller, but anything over three pounds on a fly is decidedly a rarity.

Spinning, preferably with natural bait, is a far more effective plan, and the best lures are a bleak or small dace in the early part of the season and at any time if the river is big or at all coloured. In hot, sunny weather and low water a small gudgeon or loach is to be preferred as a rule, although sometimes a natural minnow proves the best attraction of all. Leads are necessary, and the actual weight required will vary with the depth and pace of the water. In quiet reaches very little need be used, while in the heavy water of milltails half an ounce may be necessary.

Live baiting is another good method of angling for Thames trout, and one which is often used when the whereabouts of a good fish have been discovered. The punt is then moored in the vicinity, and the angler waits until certain signs of liveliness among the shoals of small fry betoken that my lord has come forth from his stronghold and is raiding abroad.

Likely water can also be tried in this manner by letting down the bait, which should swim about three feet below the cork float, over weir pools, reeling in a few yards from time to time, and then letting it out again. A variation of this method is employed by Reading anglers. This is to have two live minnows each on a perch hook, one being on a link of gut about eighteen inches above the other, the idea being that two baits are more likely to attract than a single one.

Some of the best parts of the Thames for trout fishing are at Hampton Court, Sunbury, Chertsey, Penton Hook, Staines, Egham, the weir stream above Wraysbury, Windsor, Bray, Bourne End, Great Marlow, Reading, Caversham, Clifton Hampden, Rushey Weir and Lechlade. WEST COUNTRY.

THE WATER-RAIL

THE water-rail is one of our rarer nesting marsh birds and, owing to its shy and retiring habits, is thought to be rarer than it really is. This bird frequents the moist areas where the reed beds are not too dense and where the water, even when it rises, may not reach any appreciable depth. I have seen nests where the ground was perfectly dry, although in the immediate vicinity of water; and in other sites I have seen the nests where the birds were waiting as soon as they left the nest.

In order to avoid the destruction of their nest due to a sudden rise of the water caused by heavy rain or continuous storms, the nest is usually placed about a foot from the ground. The nest is extremely well built of reeds and the rushy type of grasses met in such localities where these reeds grow, and, as a rule, is a deep, cup-shaped structure which will withstand most of the stresses put upon it. The eggs resemble to a great extent those of its cousin, the corncrake or landrail, but are not so spotted with the dull purplish undertones. The shell in some cases has also more of a gloss, although in occasional clutches it is extremely difficult to differentiate the species without seeing the eggs *in situ*. One day I was in a boat in a narrow waterway with a friend whose knowledge of these birds is very great, when I heard a curious groaning and grumbling coming from the marsh close at hand, and questioned him as to the maker of such strange noises. He told me it was the water-rail and that probably a nest was near by. We waited to hear the groanings again, in order to locate the bird more definitely and, having done this, we landed. In a short time my friend found the nest,

with one egg, deeply hidden in the thick grasses which had grown up and around the base of a clump of bog myrtle. This was in early April, and it would be some three weeks before the eggs would be nearing hatching (the correct time to photograph this very shy bird), so we drew the grasses once more over the nest and left it, hoping, if time would permit, to make the long journey from town in three weeks' time, to start photography on a new species as far as I was concerned.

The ways of the wild are very cruel, as I heard from my friend that when five eggs had been laid they were sucked by rats or some such vermin. I need hardly say that the runs were found and baited with old and poisoned eggs which disappeared in a day or so and, I hope, took toll of the robbers of our water-rails' treasures. Wild life, as I have already said, is cruel, but nature has a wonderful power of repair, and birds whose nests are so destroyed as a rule have a fresh nest and eggs within three weeks and usually not very far distant from the site of their first effort. As I was fortunate enough to come across two other nests of the water-rail some distance away, I did not bother to ascertain if and when the first pair of birds regained their loss, but, passing that way some six weeks later, I heard a water-rail groaning and grunting, so surely that was a good enough sign that birds were still there nesting, even if they were not the same pair. It was mid-June when I commenced to work; the birds shown and the nest could not have been placed in a more desirable position. The grasses and rushes were not too coarse (coarse herbage is inclined to show harshly in a photograph), and the birds had been sitting about a fortnight



GOING ON THE NEST.



SETTLING ON THE EGGS.

and therefore were extremely keen to continue incubating their eggs.

The hide was placed near the nest, and on the following day the grasses were parted a little in order to expose the nest for photographic purposes, and I got into the hide. After about twenty minutes the birds returned, first one to inspect and see that all was clear, and then the other to incubate. What a delight it was to see this charming and retiring little bird at close quarters. First of its striking characteristics is the bird's bright shining red bill, and it is the first thing one sees of the bird as it pokes its head through the herbage at the side or back of the nest. The birds usually have a slight track which leads to the nest and along which they come and go. This is rather a help, as it is this opening that is usually watched. After the red bill one notices the beautiful greys of the main body plumage, with the small white markings on the sides making a decided contrast with the rest of the plumage, the whole being eclipsed to a certain extent by the brilliant beady black eye which appears to be always on the alert.

It is in such close proximity that one hears the curious



WATER-RAIL ON THE NEST.

groaning, grunting noises of this bird to perfection, and both birds did it by the nest and sometimes on the nest, the noises at times resembling the squealing of a little pig.

Although the birds were both extremely jumpy and nervous, they paid no attention to the hide, sometimes walking in front of the nest within two feet of the hide, or even nearer; in fact, several times it was difficult to see the bird from my peep-hole, so close was it to me. I hoped to get a negative of the birds in this position, but their movements were so uncertain and irregular and they appeared so suddenly and were gone just as quickly that I did not think it worth while attempting it, as I might meanwhile have missed a good position and a certainty at the nest.

The young leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and dry, and I was unfortunate in just missing this interesting episode; but luck plays a great part in bird photography, and with a rarity like the water-rail one must be thankful to obtain even a few results, however poor they may be, to augment one's notes, both mental and otherwise, of a most charming and elusive little subject. IAN M. THOMSON.

CHARLOTTE MEW

The Farmer's Bride, by Charlotte Mew. (Poetry Book Shop, 4s.)

The Rambling Sailor, by Charlotte Mew. (Poetry Book Shop, 3s. 6d.)

JUST over a year ago, at the age of fifty-eight, Charlotte Mew died; and now almost all that remains of her poetry has been gathered into these two slim volumes.

The Farmer's Bride (with eleven new poems added to the original seventeen) is the book that brought her the friendship of Thomas Hardy and Walter de la Mare, and a Civil List pension from Mr. Baldwin. *The Rambling Sailor* contains another thirty-three poems—no more; and, even of these, six are early work. As the writer of the obituary notice in the *Times* said: "How much Charlotte Mew wrote, how much she destroyed at house-movings and during periods of overwhelming depression, we shall never know. There can be no doubt that her fastidious self-criticism proved fatal to much work that was really good."

A portrait of the author accompanies *The Rambling Sailor*. In a sense, it may be said to be—quite accidentally—two portraits. Seen from the front, it is a woman of middle age whose soul is being tortured beyond the limits of human endurance; but turn the page backwards, experiment by a light not too strong in looking at the reverse of the figure showing through the paper, and presently you will find that, at a certain angle, you get an impression of the girl that Charlotte Mew must once have been. For that softened outline shows the shape of the noble head without the scorings of time on the face; the fine sweep of the hair when it was not yet grey; the clear gaze of the eyes before they had looked on despair; the witty line of the lips before they had drunk too deep of bitterness. And the pride, while intense, is not yet fierce.

But all these things, and more, life did to Charlotte Mew until at last, by her own hand, she left it. Gifted with a sensitiveness far beyond the average, and tormented beyond the average by poverty, sickness and loss, both her poems and her face here tell us how much she endured with courage before she broke.

For natures rarely sensitised as hers even childhood is too heavily burdened, as one of the early poems shows:

Oh! Sorrow, Sorrow, scarce I knew
Your name when, shaking down the may
In sport, a little child, I grew
Afraid to find you at my play.

And what she writes at a later date of "Madeleine in Church" must surely have been true, throughout life, of herself:

We are what we are: when I was half a child I could not sit
Watching black shadows on green lawns and red carnations burning
in the sun.

Without paying so heavily for it
That joy and pain, like any mother and her unborn child were almost
one.

Oh! there was nothing, nothing that did not sweep to the high seat
Of laughing gods, and then blow down and beat
My soul into the highway dust, as hoofs do the dropped roses of the
street.

Again, there comes such a retrospect as that in "Rooms":

I remember rooms that have had their part
In the steady slowing down of the heart.
The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide—
Rooms where for good or for ill—things died.

Last, in "Moorland Night," is recorded an experience that readers will find and interpret according to the depth of their own experience, understanding and intuition:

My heart is against the grass and the sweet earth,—it has gone still,
at last.

It does not want to beat any more,
And why should it beat?
This is the end of the journey;
The Thing is found.

It will probably come as a surprise to many to learn that Charlotte Mew "passed the whole of her life except for brief intervals in the heart of Bloomsbury." That a town-dweller should have written "*The Farmer's Bride*"!—that perfect poem with lines like this in it:

Shy as a leveret, swift as he,
Straight and slight as a young larch tree,
Sweet as the first wild violets, she,
To her wild self. But what to me?

"The Old Shepherd's Prayer," too, seems to come to us borne on the very scent of a Sussex down:

Up to the bed by the window, where I be lyin',
Comes bells and bleat of the flock wi' they two children's clack.
Over, from under the eaves there's the starlings flyin',
And down in yard, fit to burst his chain, yapping out at Sue I do
hear young Mac
Heavenly Master, I wud like to wake to they same green places
Where I be know'd for breakin' dogs and follerin' sheep.
And if I may not walk in th' old ways and look on th' old faces
I wud sooner sleep.

With Charlotte Mew we always feel an inevitability in the form of her poems, widely as these forms differ. We know we are reading things that were born, not made; created, not contrived. "Sea Love," for instance, fits its simple lyric form as hand fits glove:

Heer's the same little fishes that sputter and swim,
Wi' the moon's old glim on the grey, wet sand;
An' him no more to me nor me to him
Than the wind goin' over my hand.

But equally fitting to the subject are the long, sweeping lines of "I Have Been Through the Gates":

His heart is a place with the lights gone out, forsaken by great
winds and the heavenly rain, unclean and unswept,
Like the heart of the holy city, old, blind, beautiful Jerusalem,
Over which Christ wept.

Deep passion, terrible pain, intense restraint—a fine essence distilled from these three: such is the poetry of Charlotte Mew. And who, in the last analysis, shall dare to pity the fate of one whose pain drew from her soul such music?
V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, by Mabel C. Clarke. (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

"WE are as happy," wrote Robert Browning from Florence, "as two owls in a hole, two toads under a tree stump or any other two queer poing creatures that we let live after the fashion of their black heads, only Ba is fat and rosy." In other words, a miracle had been worked for Elizabeth Barrett. No longer an invalid in the darkened rooms of 50, Wimpole Street, she had found love and health and happiness with Robert Browning among the dust and spiders of a Florentine pension. Those early days, when she listened with a flutter of her heart for Papa's step on the stairs, when she "shrank and grew pale in spirit" at the thought of a new face, are in strange contrast to the sunny happiness of her married life. If there is any truth in the adage that in happiness there lies no plot, then the principal defect of Miss Clarke's book explains itself. Sympathetically and with understanding she describes the life at 50, Wimpole Street. After Elizabeth's flight, though Miss Clarke's sympathy never deserts her, her understanding grows less. Perhaps fully to enter into the intense intimacy of the Brownings' married life will always be impossible. They had no desire to tell the world their secrets. With their marriage the letters between them ceased and the dead level of Elizabeth's happiness produced no second instalment of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Necessarily, then, the second half of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* becomes a chronicle. "The February day was bitterly cold": "August found them back in London": or how Elizabeth "did not love" George Sand and how Penini in his perambulator went into ecstasies over the façade of San Marco. The first half of Elizabeth's life is the story of a resurrection. "I am like Mariana in the moated grange," she wrote, "and sit listening too often to the mouse in the wainscot." And later, "My cage is not worse but better since you brought the green groundsel to it." Her cage, indeed, nearly killed her, but on a May afternoon in 1845 Browning paid her a visit, and a tremulous, secret and uncertain hope was born again. Miss Clarke offers no excuse for Mr. Barrett. To all his children he forbade marriage, and to Elizabeth he denied a journey to Italy when it might have restored her health; his attitude is all the more curious in that it was founded on love. It is as it should be that Miss Clarke is in love with her subject. If she is sometimes too ecstatic, if she lets her superlatives run away with her, she is only following in the biographical trail blazed by Plutarch. Here and there she is infected with the Strachey germ, here and there her enthusiasm leads her into repetition, often her writing is slipshod and careless. "Browning," she writes, "who had shown himself extraordinarily delicate and subtle in his approach shots was at his worst when he found himself—as now—completely bunkered." As family reticences have been overcome more has been learnt of the Brownings' married life. In the May *Cornhill* there appears the beginning of a series of letters that Mrs. Browning wrote to her sisters. In these the happiness that Miss Clarke could only grope for is portrayed with crystal clearness. Incidents in themselves insignificant, when related grow pregnant with meaning. Elizabeth and Robert eating breakfast with their feet in the fender; Wilson coming in with a bag of chestnuts from the street; Robert yawning over the nonsense they talked; and Wilson exclaiming that she never in her life saw a man like Mr. Browning. More than all the speculations of psychology those letters are weather-vanes to the wind of the Brownings' life. The habit of guessing, which in modern biography derives from Mr. Strachey, can never at its best be more than a substitute. Because Boswell, Lockhart and Mrs. Gaskell walked and talked with Johnson, with Scott and with Charlotte Brontë, they had no need of psychology. They related facts, but they never presumed to analyse. They knew that a biographer's business was not creation but revelation. They were content to let their subjects reveal themselves. Now and then Miss Clarke guesses too much. Meanwhile, in an unknown country Miss Clarke has erected a signpost. It is readable but not scholarly, lively but never lucid. As a popular portrait of Mrs. Browning her book repays the reading.

Stories from the Bible, by Walter De La Mare. (Faber and Gwyer, 7s. 6d.)

WHEN the sweetest singer of twentieth-century England presents us with a book called *Stories From The Bible*, we are torn in two. He is Walter De La Mare: can he be wrong? It is the Authorised Version of the Bible: can he be right? So we read his introduction, and ponder and try to agree; and then we read his versions of the stories of the Creation and the Fall, of Joseph, Moses, Samson, Saul, David and the rest—and agree we cannot. But perhaps it all depends on the individual reader's early training—on whether we are new to the Bible stories, or whether austere, majestic, familiar passages continually cut across the page as we read. Loveliness there is here, of course, in plenty. Such a phrase, for example, as "the air was sweet with birds" is pure beauty. But it is the beauty, the poetry of to-day; there is sophistication in it. And any touch of sophistication destroys, for older readers, the Bible. Can it really be, we ask ourselves uneasily,

that such a modernised version as this is, indeed, for a younger generation, a necessary bridge on which they may cross to "the matchless originals"? Does the smoothing away of a few difficulties or obscurities really compensate any child for the loss of those first vivid impressions obtained from the Bible stories themselves? And again, does not the attempt to simplify or popularise often go too far? A child, for instance, readily and delightedly grasps the meaning of Samson's riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Surely nothing is gained, and dignity is lost, by turning it into a rhyme?

"Out of the eater came wherewith to eat,
And out of the strong the sweet."

Mr. De La Mare himself gives beautiful expression to the doubts here expressed when he says: "Words in their influence are subtle and delicate beyond all things known to man, and the least change in them when they are in company, or the least addition to that company, cannot but entail a change of meaning; a change, that is, in their complete effect on the mind and spirit of the reader." This thing being so, and so well known to so supreme an artist, we are strongly tempted to surrender our judgment to his. And yet—doubts will keep breaking through!

V. H. F.

The Gothick North—I. The Visit of the Gypsies, by Sacheverell Sitwell. (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.)

SOMETHING on the same lines as Mr. Sitwell has done for the Baroque South is to be done for the Gothick North, but with considerable differences. In the first place, the work is to be issued on the instalment system, this being the first of three parts. The second difference is that, whereas the Baroque South was largely *terra incognita*, giving Mr. Sitwell's *flair* for the bizarre plenty of scope, the Gothick North has been hackneyed for a hundred years. Hence the "k" in Gothick, indicating that the author does not intend to worry with matters of established fact, but to set forth what he conceives to be the spirit underlying Gothick art. That this is something more nearly akin to rococo than, say, to Ruskin is only to be expected from Mr. Sitwell. Aquinas and St. Francis might not have lived, religion never have been dreamt of, for all that they influence this fantasy. In a recent *revue* there was a little ballet called "Gothick," in which two painted images joined in a slow dance. This book works up to a somewhat similar interpretation of certain Gothick tapestries, among them a set from which the book takes its name, described in a dream-like tangle of prose, some passages of which are of great beauty, others obscure. So far as any constructive theory is advanced, it is that Gothick art was flat and linear because the age had little conception of music till the gypsies introduced it. A large portion of the book, however, is taken up with irrelevant matter about a drawing mistress at the author's preparatory school. It is quite an amusing story, but at this stage of the work seems pure padding. Another chapter is devoted to a discussion of the other subjects that Mr. Sitwell thought of writing about as a relief from poetry but discarded in favour of Gothick, and of the difficulty he experiences in adjusting his mind to so remote an epoch—matters of purely personal interest. Nevertheless, when he does at last settle down to his tapestry, he does evoke from it an exquisite dream-life which, to persons ignorant of the actual facts of mediæval civilisation, may serve as a pleasant medium for the appreciation of Gothick art.

A Background for Caroline, by Helen Ashton. (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

MISS ASHTON has given us in her latest novel a very long story: not that it fills more pages than most of its contemporaries, nor that it is in any sense tedious, but that she tells us her heroine's life from the cradle to the beginning of old age, and, with a skill which depends not at all on numbers of words or pages, makes us feel the passage of the years over Caroline's head. Caroline is a fine and sympathetic study, neither sentimentalised nor brutalised; the incidents of her life are, of course, exceptional—possibly the incidents of every life are, properly considered—but the colour of her life and the shape it gave to her character are roughly those of thousands and thousands of English gentlewomen whose birth took place in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. The child of a feckless antiquary and a vulgar woman who ran away and left him for a soldier, Caroline grew up to adore and serve her father. When he decreed dances and parties for her with a vague idea that a girl should have her chance of marriage, a stupid and self-seeking chaperone, who had no intention of losing her position through Caroline's marriage, made her ashamed of her first girlish movements towards love and drove her into miserable self-repression. The experiences of the War and the wooing of a captivating shallow Southerner who wanted her only for the moment swung the pendulum for her in the other direction. Late in life she married and was happy, but, as she herself says, "My life was spoilt by the way I was brought up. . . . I didn't know what I wanted and nobody told me that I'd got to make myself a life of my own. I was always just a part of somebody else's life and now I haven't got anything to fall back on." *A Background for Caroline* is an extraordinarily absorbing and interesting book, not exciting, but, better than that, "too deep for sound and foam." It leaves one asking whether the girls of to-day really have the "better chance" which Caroline thought they have: anyhow, they can hardly have a worse than was the lot of her generation.

Off the Deep End, by Christopher Morley. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

MR. MORLEY is one of those authors whose pens adorn every subject on which they write, and here, where the gamut ranges from yachting to Geneva, from a comic and rather naughty little play whose scene is a *wagon-lits* to a note on George Gissing, he has ample opportunity of showing his powers. The articles bound together in this long book form such a mixed bag as to suggest that his publishers have merely given us the contents of his writing table drawers without selection, but there is a high proportion of what is well worth having here, and in particular the account of a yachting adventure which gives the book its name and which has the wind and sea and human nature in every line of it.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST

A TRAVELLER OF THE 'SIXTIES, by Frederick James Stevenson (Constable, 12s. 6d.); PRIVATE LETTERS, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN, by Lady Brooke (Benn, 15s.); ENGLISH GIRLHOOD AT SCHOOL, by Dorothy Gardiner (Oxford University Press, 18s.). Fiction.—DEEPER YET, by Anne Corner (Longmans, 7s. 6d.); PEOPLE OF SELDWYLA, by Gottfried Keller (Dent, 7s. 6d.); THE OLD ROAD, by Mary Crosbie (Allan, 7s. 6d.).

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The subject may tempt you to publish this photograph of Fulmer Gypsy that was excluded from the recent article on Mrs. Fytche's kennels. Gypsy seems to be the embodiment of maternal content. Motherhood is one of the most beautiful things in nature. For a while, at least, most animals are as devoted to their offspring as the fondest of human parents can be. As time goes on, however, a change occurs in which the superior being appears to advantage. With us the affection between parent and child usually endures; among animals forgetfulness occurs as the necessity for a mother's care and protection ceases. Anyhow, Gypsy looks proud and happy at present, and I warrant Mrs. Fytche is watching anxiously over the progress of the babes in the basket, wondering if they will grow into celebrities or remain merely members of the common herd.—A. CROXTON SMITH.

IRONWORK ON CHURCH DOORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his splendidly illustrated article on mediæval ironwork Mr. Watts has shown that the mediæval smith was a serious rival of the stone carver and the carpenter in the richness and variety which he imparted to his designs. The great iron bands fastened across the front of the door were intended originally to increase its strength, but soon they became a mere excuse for the ironworker to display his skill and invention. The whorls and scrolls and horseshoes playing over the stout door frames betray his delight in his craft. It was not always, however, that the smith had this opportunity of indulging his creative ability. The carpenter was a serious and, on the whole, more popular rival, with the result that late in the mediæval period richly worked panelling and tracery became the fashion for decorating doors. The ironwork then was restricted to purely practical purposes and was confined to the inner side of the door. This photograph of a door at Walpole St. Peters in Norfolk shows the scope of the ironworker limited in this way to the hinge bands, the bolts and iron studs and the exceptionally massive lock. The wicket door in the centre has created a difficulty for the smith, whose upper hinge band has to make a detour round the ogee head. As a foil to the *joie de vivre* of the artist illustrated in



AT WALPOLE ST. PETERS.



A FAMILY GROUP.

Mr. Watts' article, the entirely plain and practical character of the work shown in this photograph may perhaps be of interest.—S. O. A.

"THE USE AND MISUSE OF THE SPUR."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to Miss Ciller's letter in your issue of May 11th, I have to say that if a side-saddle rider wishes to *school* a horse or a pony, she must use a spur at some period of its education. But she must learn not only *how* to use it, but also *how* to use a whip on the off side in counterbalance. If the horse is already well schooled, a rider can try to manage without spur or whip until such time as the horse shows signs of going back on his schooling, which is very likely to happen with a one-sided "aid." Then he will have to be corrected either by an astride rider or a side-saddle rider with spur and whip. The whip should be long enough to reach the horse's side while the right hand is on the rein. A spur with rowels so sharp that they draw blood should never be used.

I believe *haute école* riders sometimes use sharp spurs, but the finest exponents I have seen obtained marvellous results with dummy spurs after they had trained their horses with rowels. The old-fashioned ladies' spur had a guard to prevent rowels from catching in the habit skirt, and had to have rowels long and sharp so as to pierce the thick habit cloth and make their effect felt. This is no longer necessary with the apron skirt, and dummies can be used. The use of spurs for ladies astride is exactly the same as for men astride, but I agree with your correspondent that the weaker the rider the more help will she get from spurs. I deprecate the slang word "persuader"; it is apt to give a wrong impression. The spur is a link in establishing communication between rider and horse, but when this communication has once been established, leg pressure is generally enough, and with the side saddle the whip on the off side to counterbalance it.—SIDNEY G. GOLDSCHMIDT, *Lieut.-Colonel*.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is a little difficult to take Miss Evelyn Ciller's letter quite seriously, but she would, apparently, have us believe that "a woman has a more delicate touch with her heel, and can afford sharper rowels than a man." What this "delicate touch" implies is a little obscure. Is it inherited in femininity, or is it cultivated by practice? If the former is the answer, then all women

must be born remarkable riders; if the latter, there must be many unhappy moments for the horse and rider during the process of instruction. Miss Ciller apparently approves of rowels so long that they can be seen yards away, but as they are applied in such a way as not to draw blood, their purpose seems to be somewhat negated. This, however, is a standard, we are told, that "few, if any," men can attain. But I am glad to think that nowadays "few, if any," men have any intention of attaining it. Mercifully for our horses, and thankfully for ourselves, I think we have progressed a little since the days of Chaucer, to whose backward era the author of that letter had to refer for support of her theories.—M. F. McTAGGART, *Lt.-Col.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much interested by the letters on the above subject, but it seems that insufficient importance is being attached to the various types of spur. In the old days very long and sharp spurs were used, with the result that they have inherited a reputation of instruments of torture. The word spur means an instrument with a sharp rowel, but a great many used to-day have no rowels at all, but are still called by the same name. A few years ago the short-necked spur came into use, and if these are worn blunt, it is impossible even to bruise a horse's side, as a great deal of the pressure of application is taken by the rider's leg. Surely no one would object to a lady wearing this pattern, as no harm can be done. A short, sharp spur, on the other hand, can cut a horse and make his sides very sore, though I do not believe much pain is inflicted unless used vigorously. I have seen blood drawn by a rider constantly swinging his leg without the horse playing up or even making an effort to get out of a walk. It is the really long spur, either blunt or sharp, which causes the damage if used strongly, and these are seldom worn now. I think a distinct line should be drawn between these types, and I cannot see any reason why a lady should not wear a short, blunt spur, and, in fact, should be encouraged to, especially if she rides side-saddle. If this is not sufficient, she should fall back on a sharp rowel, as it is better for the horse to have an occasional prick than a continuous kick. It will also be less tiring for the rider, and she will be able to collect her horse quicker and with more certainty in the case of an emergency, while at the same time she can inflict punishment if necessary. I should be much interested to hear ladies' views on the subject, especially with regard to side-saddle.—J. WALLER.

A BOOK DESIRED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether you or any of your readers could help me to trace a book called *The Lost Court*. I regret to say that I cannot furnish you with many particulars regarding it, save that it told a story which happened in a house with a court (closed court) the position of which the inhabitants had forgotten and now could not find! By comparing the positions of the rooms as named in the story and drawing a map the ingenious reader could discover it. It came out, I think, in one of the years 1918-1919-1920. I think the author was a lady, but I am not sure.—R.

A HOOPOE IN NORFOLK.

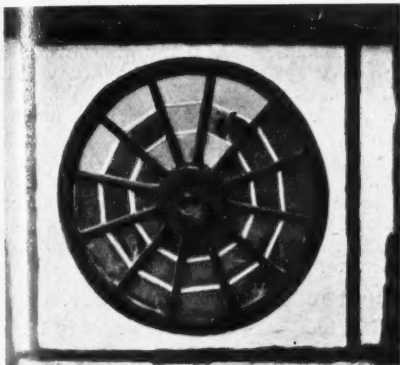
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—We had a rare visitor here (Norfolk) last Thursday morning, May 2nd. A very beautiful hoopoe alighted on the lawn, crest erect, and fed for some little time, quite unmindful of a crowd of interested children only about thirty yards away. We have not seen it since, and I suppose it was too much to hope that it would stay with us.
—H. S. DIXON-SPAIN.

A CONVERTED TITHE BARN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very much interested in the article in your issue of March 9th entitled "Some West Country Tithe Barns." I recently had occasion to go over the Old Tythe Barn at Chestfield, near Whitstable, which has just been reconstructed and turned into a country house, most of the old features being preserved. While there I noticed a very novel and, I should think, unique window. This was formed with an old wooden cart-wheel with the spaces between the spokes filled



A CART-WHEEL AS A WINDOW.

in with glass. The room in which it was fixed was quite well lighted by this window and, as far as I could see, the only drawback was that the window could not be opened for ventilation. I enclose a photograph of this window, as it may interest some of your readers.—ARTHUR J. COXHEAD.

UGLY DUCKLINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is a photograph of a brood of ducklings that were hatched by a Rhode Island Red hen, having their first swim. The poor foster-mother looks disturbed in her mind at this unnatural behaviour, but is glad to see that nothing serious has come of it and that they are on their way home again.—S. CROOK.

QUARTERINGS FOR IDENTIFICATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an achievement of arms which is, I understand, built into the wall of a room in Hampton Court near Leominster, Herefordshire. This was once the home of Thomas, Earl Coningsby, and as such is mentioned in Victor Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*. The achievement figures in an engraving of the earl and his two daughters by Vertue. I am anxious to have these quarterings, and hope that some of your readers may be able to help me in the matter. Has a description of this house ever been published in your paper?—T. H. DENNY TOWNSEND.

[Hampton Court, which is now the property of the Hon. Robert Devereux, was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE June 29th, 1901. It was a large quadrangular house built by the Lenthalls in Henry IV's



CAN ANYONE IDENTIFY?

reign, but was restored at a bad time by James Wyatt. Little of the building as it was in the Coningsbys' time (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) is now apparent. Though a remarkable series of views of the house and gardens painted by Kniff survives, and was exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall last autumn, the achievement here referred to is not, to the best of our knowledge, in the house to-day. Perhaps some of our readers can identify the quarterings.—ED.]

AN OLD SPORTING PICTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the letter signed "A." and headed "An Old Sporting Picture," in your issue of May 4th, I have four prints by J. N. Sartorius with similarly dressed figures, but apparently a different pack, though each of my prints has a black and tan hound as shown in the foreground of the picture. Though the painting of the horses suggests Ben Marshall, there appears to be a chance that the picture is by J. N. Sartorius. If so, it is very valuable.—G. F. EARLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The old hunting piece of which your correspondent "A." sends you the photograph which was reproduced in your Correspondence of the 4th inst. is very interesting and rather difficult to place. It looks to me very like



"A MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE!"

the work of Wolstenholme junior, and yet, as your correspondent states, the inscription on the frame attributes the picture to Ben Marshall. With a considerable acquaintance with the works of that famous artist, I should doubt if this painting came from his hand. I am convinced it is not a J. N. Sartorius or an Alken or a J. F. Herring. The head of the third horse from the left is very like the work of Ben Marshall; but the rest of the picture seems to me much more like a painting by the younger Wolstenholme. The hounds are, I should judge, meant to represent harriers, and the three sportsmen in green coats bear out that assumption. The huntsman in a red coat adds yet more to the puzzle of this handsome and very intriguing picture.—H. A. BRYDEN.

BY WEAR OR DESIGN?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among the many curious varieties of stone stiles that are to be found, the enclosed



A CURIOUS STONE STILE.

specimen from Wiltshire is probably unique. A hole in the flagstone serves as a foothold instead of an additional step, whether made purposely or gradually formed there by generations of hobnailed boots. Its irregular shape suggests the latter origin.—E. H. B.

A CUCKOO'S EGG

STRANGELY PLACED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I witnessed a curious incident recently. I was writing at a table near the window at 2.30 p.m. when my attention was drawn to the strange behaviour of a cuckoo. Just outside the house there is a very big ash tree, the branches of which spread within a few feet of the window. Every few moments the cuckoo flew into this tree, remained a short time, then flew away, only to return there again after about three minutes' interval. This manoeuvre was repeated five times, and on the fifth occasion the cuckoo flew from the branch into the ivy covering the wall of the house. I knew there was a wagtail's nest built in that spot, and on going quietly to the window I saw from behind a muslin curtain the cuckoo endeavouring to get into the nest and the wagtail pluckily trying to drive it away. After what I judged to be about two minutes, the cuckoo flew down to a bush immediately below and from there to the top of a post supporting a climbing rose, 50yds. off, where she sat for some time till disturbed by a gardener wheeling a barrow. Later, in the evening, I put up a ladder and removed the cuckoo's egg from the nest, in which were also three wagtail's eggs. I should be glad to know if any COUNTRY LIFE readers have ever witnessed a similar incident or have known of a cuckoo depositing its egg in a nest built on the wall of a house.—DOROTHY R. H. WILMER.

AT KEMPTON PARK AND CHESTER

DRAMATIC PRINCIPAL RACES.

ONLY the other day, as it seems, we saw Athford, who had lost the Lincolnshire Handicap by a short head, win the Newbury Cup in storming style. Nothing stirs me more than to see such examples of courage and fine achievement on the part of the racehorse. I shall admire Gregalach, the winner of this year's Grand National, but I shall never forget what Easter Hero did. So Athford will remain one of my heroes for a long time to come. I hardly knew him that day at Lincoln when Elton so narrowly beat him. He was a 33 to 1 chance then and, though he by no means ran unbacked by his Irish owner, Mr. W. Barnett, I have little doubt that he lost because he was a backward horse. No doubt that race brought him on a lot, and ever since he has been improving faster than most four year olds do.

A three year old at this time of year will sometimes make astonishing headway, as, indeed, we have seen demonstrated so often between the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. Now, Athford did not appear to win the Newbury Cup with much in hand, but it was the very capable manner of his win which much impressed me at the time, and I made sure that he would go on to better things. That win imposed a penalty of 10lb. over and above the weight given him by the compiler of the Jubilee Handicap.

As at Newbury so it was at Kempton Park last week-end. He was so far behind the leaders, Caballero, Trelawney and Sunny Trace, half-way home that I did not think he could



W. A. Rouch.

ATHFORD, WINNER OF THE JUBILEE HANDICAP, MICHAEL BEARY UP.

Copyright.

possibly "get there." But he had on his back Michael Beary, who has never been riding with such resource, dash and judgment. He blazed for an opening on the rails—his only chance—and Athford was properly set alight. It was as if the horse knew what was expected of him, for, racing with his head low and with ears back, putting all his strength into every stride, the horse was the embodiment of grit and resolution.

First Sunny Trace was passed, then Caballero, and now only Trelawney remained in front, the big horse in Mr. S. B. Joel's colours that had appeared an odds-on winner. Still, it seemed impossible that Athford could overcome this one's advantage so close home, but the change came swiftly and dramatically. Putting in wonderful strides and assisted by the great work of his jockey, the Irish-owned, Irish-bred, Irishman-trained and Irishman-ridden horse not only won but won with a length to spare.

Caballero filled third place, which he has varied with second place in four important handicaps—the Lingfield Handicap, the City and Suburban, the Victoria Cup and now the Jubilee Handicap. Sunny Trace may be said to have run creditably in finishing fourth; but Delius, the favourite, disappointed once again, as he so often does when in the best handicap company. A serious blow for many was dealt when the second favourite, Hartford, belonging to Mr. A. R. Cox and trained at Manton, was so badly left at the post as to be put out of the race.

Athford, I may note again, is by Blandford, who was by Swynford from a White Eagle mare named Blanche. Athford's dam, Athasi, was bred in 1917. Her breeding is not exactly fashionable. She is by Farasi, from a mare named Athgreaney, by His Majesty or Galloping Simon, out of Fairyland by Lesterlin. Athford was her second foal, and if he goes on from strength to strength as he has done he will become as popular as that other notable handicap winner, Priory Park.

I was delighted to see the Aga Khan make his first appearance on an English racecourse this season when he visited Kempton Park. He may have been a little disappointed that his grey colt Nijinski did not win the Prince of Wales' Stakes of a mile and a quarter, but he was the first to recognise that he simply failed because of inability to give away a lot of weight to what may well prove to be a very smart horse in Lord Woolavington's Guy Mannering—who cost 9,000 guineas as a yearling!

The Aga Khan had the satisfaction of seeing his colours conspicuously successful for the Stewards' Handicap of five furlongs for three year olds. There was a big field and a good class one of colts and fillies that did well as two year olds. Le Phare, who won for the Aga Khan in smooth fashion, is sure to do well again, for he is a son of Phalaris and Eagle Snipe and a very fast young horse.

It was with very real regret that I heard from the Aga Khan the bad news that his Costaki Pasha, the brilliant winner of the Middle Park Stakes last year and the nominal winter favourite for the Derby, was far too much to pieces just now to have the remotest chance of seeing the starting post for the Derby.

On the face of it, what I have to relate about the race for the Chester Cup last week contradicts the impression that the horse which finds itself well behind has no chance there. I must, therefore, make this qualification: that the Cup race is one of two miles and a quarter, and there is only one race over that distance throughout the three days of the meeting. Time is provided for a multitude of changes to take place. There is no time at all in the short distance races up to seven furlongs.

FIRST FLIGHT AND THE CHESTER CUP.

Now the race for the Cup, won last week for Lady Scarborough by her First Flight, was the most astonishing I have ever seen. If one had been told that the winner would be tailed off and nearly a furlong behind the leader with rather less than a mile covered you would have scorned the idea. You would have been incredulous of any horse proving capable of making up such an amount of leeway. Understand, therefore, that First Flight was the horse so apparently out of the race, notwithstanding which he won by a neck from Baron Baeyens' Dark Hillock, with the lightly weighted Pomagne, owned by Sir Edward Hanmer, third, four lengths away.

I knew that First Flight had been very much fancied, and when he caught my eye in the race—for the reason that he was so far out of it—I concluded that he must have broken down or been struck into. His jockey, F. Fox, said afterwards that he was squeezed out at one of the first turns, and for some time after the horse appeared unable to develop his top pace. Then, with the race half over, he felt him beginning to go in earnest, and the wide gap became steadily lessened. Five furlongs from home at least a dozen strung-out horses were in front of him, but, while they were tiring, First Flight was going strongly.

At the entrance to the short straight, where Dark Hillock had just got the better of Pomagne, he was five lengths behind, but he came on with a most resolute flourish and a few strides from the post he had got to grips with Dark Hillock. The French-bred horse could not withstand this last sudden onslaught, and he surrendered to First Flight by that neck margin. Onlookers were left amazed. They will never forget it, and it is unlikely they will ever see the like again anywhere.

First Flight is trained by Fred Leader, one of a band of brothers who continue to make their mark. Tom Leader won the Grand National with Gregalach; H. Leader won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Elton; and now it was the turn of Fred Leader, whose satisfaction would be increased by the knowledge that he bought the horse when a yearling for only 150 guineas and passed him on to Lady Scarborough. He is by Courageous, who was bred in 1911.

The race for the Chester Vase of a mile and a half was won for Mr. W. M. Singer by En Garde, a colt by Spion Kop from Sword Play that is far from being out of it for the Derby. He won now because he was so well served in the matter of stamina. Spion Kop, who belongs to Colonel Giles Loder and is at his stud in Ireland, is doing really valuable service to breeding generally by getting for the most part sound, staying and robust horses. He himself won the Derby. En Garde was bred at the National Stud, and when the yearlings of 1927 were offered at Newmarket Mr. Singer bought him for 1,350 guineas, an exceedingly cheap buy.

Among those beaten by En Garde last week were the Aga Khan's Le Voleur, who was conceding 3lb., a hot favourite in Lord Astor's Cavendo, who was receiving 9lb. from the winner, and Reflector (gave 12lb.), unplaced, as was Cavendo.

PHILIPPOS.

WILSON STEER at the TATE GALLERY



THE RAINBOW. 1901.

In the collection of Sir C. Kendall Butler, K.B.E.

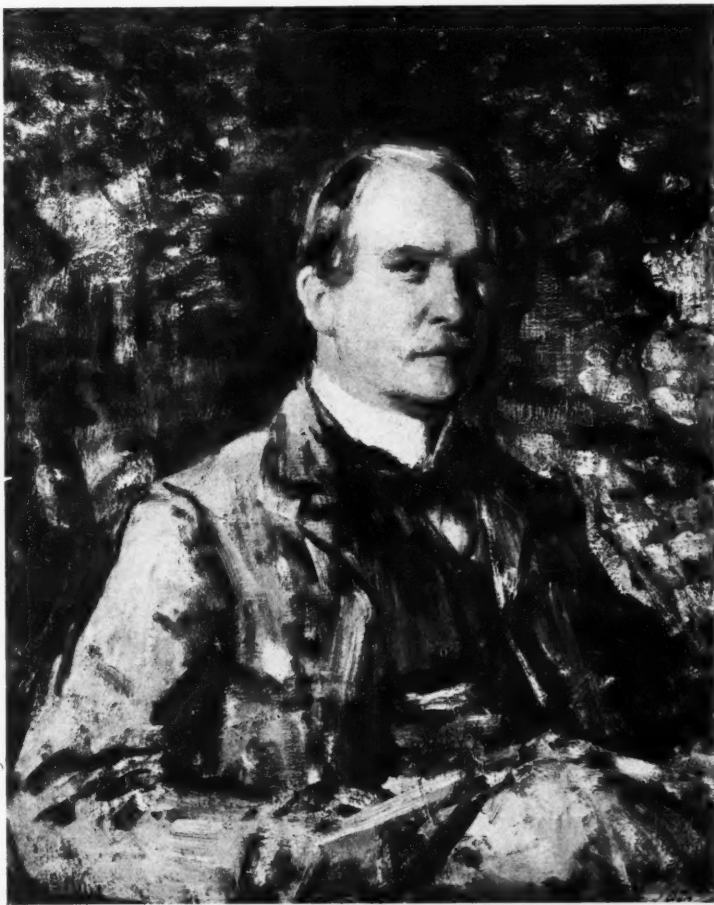
SINCE the appointment in 1906 of Mr. D. S. MacColl as Director of the Tate Gallery, the art of Wilson Steer has had an energetic champion in official circles. At first little could be done, less, perhaps, than by voicing his praises in the

Press; but in 1909 a picture of his was acquired for the nation, and thenceforth his representation in the Gallery grew, until this year he has received the unprecedented honour of a loan exhibition of his works at Millbank. This official recognition makes good to some extent the absence of recognition in another quarter, though it may be questioned which of the two parties concerned is the more to blame for that. After exhibiting at the Academy on three successive years in the early 'eighties, an announcement appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the effect that Messrs. Sickert and Steer had been rejected by that body. As we know, Sickert has since surrendered; but Steer remains obdurate, chiefly, probably, because he cannot be bothered to change his habit of showing his work at the New English Art Club. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that

because of his absence from the walls of Burlington House Steer is not nearly so well known to the general public as he deserves to be, and it is by no means certain that the present exhibition at the Tate Gallery will make much difference

to this state of things, however vastly better worth visiting it may be than the Academy. But it does bring out the fact for those who do visit it (and an echo of this conclusion will, no doubt, reach the ears of those who do not) that of the living English painters who have reached a stage where their position is no longer open to discussion, Wilson Steer is the finest artist.

To those who only know Steer from his fairly recently exhibited work, the collection now hanging in the Turner Rooms at the Tate is a revelation of his many-sidedness, of the many ways of painting he has explored in the course of his life. The experiments have been fewer and the general standard of achievement higher in landscape than in figure painting, but it was as a figure painter that Steer made his *début*. "What News of the War?" a careful painting of an old man reading the newspaper, was the first work

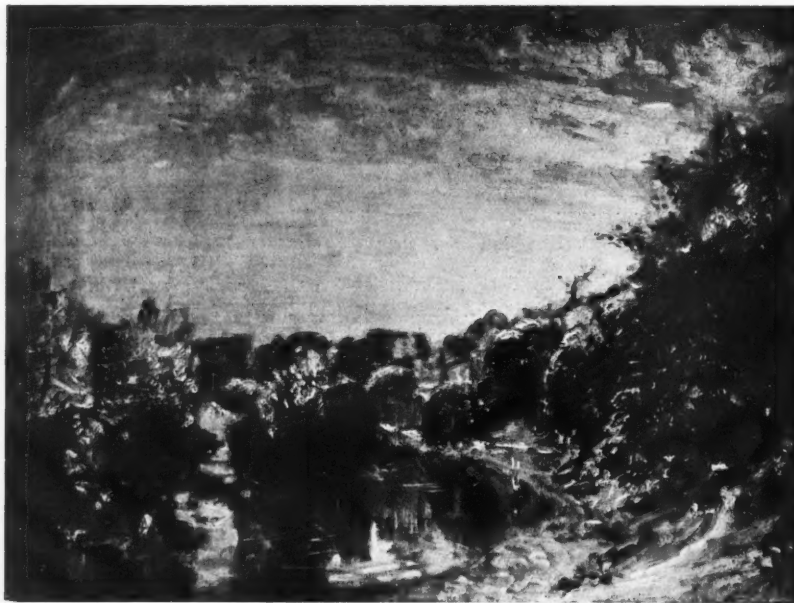


SELF-PORTRAIT.

In the collection of Mr. A. M. Daniel.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CYPRIAN WILLIAMS. 1890.
National Gallery, Millbank.



THE TEME AT LUDLOW. 1906.
In the collection of Mr. George Russell.



PORTRAIT OF LADY BUTLER AND CHILDREN. 1901.
In the collection of Sir C. Kendall Butler, K.B.E.

exhibited by the young artist at the Royal Academy. It was the result of his training in Paris, influenced, perhaps, by the realists, but showing that at that time he was hardly yet aware of the impressionists. No sooner was he back in England than this realism became tinged with sentiment, which sometimes broke forth to the detriment of his art, but, when kept within bounds, remains one of his finest characteristics. At home Whistler was, of course, a potent influence, and we get a trace of it in the singularly fine portrait of Mrs. Cyprian Williams and her two children, painted in 1890. The arrangement is, indeed, a violent departure from the simple frontal view of the newspaper reader or the formal profile of "Jongleurs." It is an intimate glimpse into a nursery with the mother sitting in front and the children playing by the fireside, their little legs making an amusing pattern across the line of the seat. These children, with their rather strong relief for so distant a plane, are, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the picture, but the general arrangement is both original and delightful, the combination of colours in the pale head against a dark ground, with a red band above, and relieved by a strong blue on the chair back, is extremely beautiful, and the sensitive brush drawing in the head and the hand is hardly equalled in Steer's subsequent work. It is fortunate that this picture has been acquired for the Tate Gallery.

A very interesting group of his early work is formed by the seaside studies, painted in the 'nineties. The most satisfying of these in its fine subdual of relief, giving the greatest force of expression to the pattern, is the "Boulogne Sands" of 1892, though for sheer beauty of colour it may give way before the radiantly blue sea of "Children Paddling." In "Knucklebones" the balance is less well maintained, the strong broken colour and handling of the shingle rather killing the shapes of the figures; but in the "Three Figures on a Pier" colour again predominates, and a hot sunset glow illuminates the whole scene.

A French influence again, that of Forain, appears to be traceable in the so-called "Portrait of the Artist," actually a study of a model with a figure of the painter cut off below the head. But Steer's happiest figure work is in the style of the great English masters, as in the portrait of "Lady Butler and Her Children," and in the deliciously fresh studies of a "Girl with Red Hair," the "Girl in White" (No. 33), or his own self-portrait, a study for his work in the Uffizi. In his more fanciful compositions he is more successful when slight, as in the graceful sketch of "The Surf," than in the rather over-modelled compositions, like "The Mirror," and decidedly his weakest work was done in the elaborate and sentimental phase which produced the "Muslin Dress" and the "End of the Chapter."

As a landscape painter Steer has worked fairly consistently in the purely English tradition of Gainsborough, Constable and Turner, absorbing, however, the atmospheric qualities discovered by the French impressionists. Yet even here there are experiments. What might not Steer have achieved in the domain of pure colour had he had the courage to pursue farther that amazing performance, "Bridgnorth" (No. 18)? The prevailing note in his landscapes is that of springtime exhilaration, often with a fine dramatic touch in the burst of light through clouds. A landscape like "The Rainbow" shows these qualities in their highest perfection.